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THE NATIONAL LOSS.

IN the very crisis of a great national difficulty, while any moment may bring the tidings of unexpected peace or of necessary war, the thoughts of the whole community have suddenly been diverted into another channel, and a deep and universal sorrow has, for a time, overpowered resentment, anxiety, and eagerness for action. Common domestic grief goes deeper than the disappointments and solicitudes which turn on public affairs, and imagination readily brings home to the sympathy of all the irreparable household loss endured by one to whom Englishmen stand almost in a personal relation. The simultaneous consciousness of any sentiment which pervades a multitude at the same moment, always intensifies its effect on each individual of the crowd; and, even if the public misfortune which has occurred had been in itself less serious, the feeling which it caused would have been multiplied and strengthened by the participation of the entire country. It is, however, superfluous to account by general reasons for the shock which was felt throughout England when it was known that the PRINCE CONSORT's short illness had ended in death. With one exception, it may be said that no life could so ill have been spared; for Ministers and statesmen leave successors to fill their places, but it is impossible that the position of first and nearest adviser to the Crown can again be so fitly occupied. When a temporary gleam of hope appeared a few hours before the fatal event, many persons probably reflected that the PRINCE, if he recovered, would enjoy a popularity which, in more than twenty years of public life, he had deserved more fully than he had acquired. The sudden perception of his value to the country would not have passed away with the occasion, and now it will be confirmed and perpetuated by experience. In this, as in a hundred preceding generations, worth is first appreciated when it is lost.

*Virtutem incolorem odimus;
Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi.*

When Prince ALBERT arrived in England, little more than a boy in years, there lay before him innumerable opportunities of error and failure, counterbalanced by little facility for gratifying a vulgar ambition. If he had fallen into the common irregularities of princes—if, like Prince GEORGE OF DENMARK, he had been an insignificant appendage of the Court—if he had resented or undervalued his ostensibly secondary position, or if he had sunk into a political partisan—in any of these cases he would have been a drag on the authority and influence which actually derived from his prudent devotion their most effective support. In pursuance of Lord MELBOURNE's wise counsels, the ROYAL CONSORT was, from the first, associated in all the duties and responsibilities of the Crown. The long and prosperous reign which has succeeded has, according to a frequent and just remark, not been disfigured by a single mistake. It is impracticable, as it would be unseemly, to inquire into the share which the PRINCE may have personally taken in acts which were always performed with his privy and assistance. It is enough to know that one of the most accomplished men in Europe took part in the decisions of one who clung to him with attachment rarely equalled; and few will doubt that the proper sovereignty of the husband was reconciled with due and loyal deference to a higher worldly dignity. It is not an easy task to discharge, with general approval, the functions of a Constitutional King, who must in public questions stand equally aloof from indifference and from partiality. The constitutional course of the PRINCE CONSORT was not rewarded by popular applause, and it was necessary that he should even court a certain comparative obscurity for the purpose of avoiding dangerous jealousies. A wiser, steadier, and less selfish career has seldom been accomplished.

Of those who approached Prince ALBERT personally, many were eminently qualified to judge of character and ability, and all of them agreed that the PRINCE would have risen to extraordinary eminence if he had been born in a private station. He was unusually familiar with several branches of science, and although literature has never been favoured by an English Court, he often paid graceful and significant compliments to conspicuous men of letters. The statesmen who were brought officially into contact with the PRINCE invariably acknowledged the extent of his knowledge and the soundness of his judgment. The most unfriendly critics of his conduct and demeanour were found among the duller members of the high aristocracy. It was, in fact, his chief defect that he never succeeded in attaining an easy and popular manner. He was accused of exaggerating the stiffness of German etiquette, and it is probable that he was always conscious of an embarrassing contrast between the real power which he exercised and his nominal position. The vulgar prejudice which occasionally found vent at his expense was provoked, not by his errors, but by the circumstances which he turned with admirable judgment to the best account. During the Crimean war, the rabble, under the influence of some of their baser organs, suddenly burst into an uproar of abuse and suspicion against the PRINCE CONSORT. They said that, if not a traitor, he was at least a usurper, that he interfered in public affairs, and that he was even present at confidential interviews between the QUEEN and her Ministers. The bubble was blown up by flatulent ignorance and malignity, and it curiously collapsed at a breath. In answer to a question, Lord ABERDEEN stated in the House of Lords that the popular rumour was, by an extraordinary accident, literally true. The PRINCE really took a principal part in advising the Crown; he was habitually present at discussions with the Ministers; he exercised an undisputed influence; and it would be his duty to persevere in the same constitutional course. The propriety of the arrangement was manifest as soon as it was openly avowed, and the blatant multitude thenceforward acquiesced with perfect readiness in the confirmation of its own premature alarms.

There are many still alive who can recollect the burst of sorrow which was called forth by the death of Princess CHARLOTTE. Her youth, her death in child-birth, her recent marriage, and even her father's unpopularity, appealed to the universal feelings of mankind, as well as to the calculations of politicians and patriots. Prince ALBERT's death in mature years may perhaps be less touching, but the loss to the country is greater, and the grief which in one quarter it will occasion is incomparably more profound. He will perhaps be most regretted on his own account by those who are best qualified to appreciate his merits and services, but the nation at large will above all things feel the heavy affliction of the QUEEN. No Sovereign of modern times has been the object of equal love and respect, and the loyalty to her person is as warm in the remotest corners of her dominions as in the Imperial islands. On the Continent, her name is a symbol of honour and felicity, and in the United States of America she is regarded with enthusiasm, as the worthy chief of the whole English race. Thousands who know little of the PRINCE CONSORT's difficulties or deserts will feel, as if it were their own loss, the blight which has fallen on an ideally happy home. It will be the universal wish that the good sense and upright purpose which have long been guided by faithful counsels may henceforward be able to stand alone. Although the place of the lost adviser cannot be supplied, a hopeful son is ready to take some share of the burden which has been borne by more experienced shoulders. The Prince of WALES is of the age at which his father became the chief assistant and supporter of the QUEEN. By taking such a part in public business as may become his years, he would be rendering the most effectual aid to the

SOVEREIGN, and he would at the same time, under the guidance of trained and experienced statesmen, be preparing himself for the great place which he must one day fill. It will be well if, in the discharge of a pious duty, he escapes the risks of idleness and frivolity which have too often beset the heirs of England. The popularity which naturally attends his birth and his youthful years will smooth for him many difficulties, and secure an immediate reward for his exertions. In the performance of his future duties he can propose to himself no nobler model than the grave, earnest, unselfish PRINCE who now lies lifeless at Windsor.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

MR. LINCOLN'S Message has, perhaps, been too severely criticised. It is not certain that, under precisely similar circumstances, an English State-paper would have been wiser, better expressed, or more elevated in spirit. If, unhappily, this country were afflicted with an elective President, if the educated classes stood aloof from the choice, and if all experienced statesmen were excluded from the chance of being chosen, it is highly probable that the suffrages of the national constituency would fall on some third-rate attorney. Mr. LINCOLN is probably equal in attainments to Mr. Cox of Finsbury, and it is the misfortune of his country, and not his own fault, that he has to deal with more important matters than the petty jobs which occupy the attention of metropolitan Members. The PRESIDENT'S Message has the merit, rare in American documents, of a general freedom from rhetorical pretension. Like the half-yearly report of a railway company, it deals with topics as they come, without attempting to connect the successive paragraphs by any artificial or logical arrangement. As some portions of the Message are composed in ordinary English, it may be assumed that the different Ministers have contributed the statements and recommendations which belong to their several departments. The rare generalizations which are interspersed bear marks of the PRESIDENT'S peculiar style, as when he remarks that foreign nations "probably saw from the first that it was the 'Union that made our foreign as well as domestic commerce.'" The comment on the thesis that the coloured population of North and South should be transported to some new colony can have been furnished by no subordinate. "On this whole proposition, including the appropriation of money with the acquisition of territory, does not the expediency amount to absolute necessity, without which the Government cannot be perpetuated?" Mr. LINCOLN, after all, speaks like a man who has a meaning, although his education has not enabled him to express it. His remarkable peroration on labour and capital would never have been composed by a person who understood political economy, nor would it have been tacked on to an important official manifesto by any writer who had made himself familiar with the rudiments of composition; but it is intended as an answer to the common apology of the slave-owners, which is founded on the assumed dependence and degradation of hired labourers, and it is directly provoked by the Resolutions of the Virginian Convention. The Northern Americans perhaps understand their PRESIDENT the better because he is pressed by the same arguments which embarrass themselves, and because he is in all respects on the same intellectual level with the majority.

The best portion of the Message is conspicuous by the absence of any mention of the outrage on the *Trent*. Unfortunately, the Secretary of the Navy, with at least the negative sanction of the PRESIDENT, supplies an omission which might otherwise have been attributed to good feeling and prudence. "The prompt and decisive action of Captain WILKES merited and received the emphatic approval of the Department, and if a too generous forbearance was exercised by him in not capturing the vessel which had these rebel enemies on board, it may, in view of the special circumstances and of its patriotic motives, be excused; but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the treatment of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations by any foreign vessels engaged in commerce or the carrying trade." The PRESIDENT might perhaps have disregarded the silly and disgraceful vote of thanks which the House of Representatives has passed to an officer who, unless he committed a wrongful act, can have done nothing to entitle him to public notice. It will be more difficult to disavow a member of his own Cabinet, although the Secretary of the Navy rests his approval of

the outrage on the shameless and lawless pretext that the captives were rebel enemies. Mr. LINCOLN has allowed his Minister to pledge himself to the monstrous proposition that every neutral vessel is liable to forfeiture if it conveys on the high seas, between any ports in the world, a citizen of the Confederate States. It is not disadvantageous to the injured party that a monstrous assumption should be substituted for any special or technical defence of a wrongful act. The controversy, however, is already virtually closed, and it is more important to ascertain the intentions of the American Government than to expose the futility of its apologies. The silence of the PRESIDENT, which might in itself have been encouraging, gives rise to grave apprehensions when it is interpreted by the unjustifiable language of his subordinate. The opinions of the legal advisers of the PRESIDENT have not hitherto been published. It is remarkable that no eminent lawyer in the States has yet affected to justify the seizure of the passengers in the *Trent*; for Mr. GEORGE SUMNER is an insignificant adventurer, Mr. EVERETT is rather a preacher or professor than a jurist, and Mr. EDWIN JAMES, in his hurry to add treason and apostasy to his previous qualifications for American popularity, failed to apprehend even the terms of the question which he undertook to solve. Judge BIGELOW, at Boston, left to Captain WILKES the exposition of international law, while he confined himself to the patriotic function of defying the British Lion. Real lawyers, although they may be willing to flatter popular prejudices, prefer the use of common political cant to the prostitution of professional conscience and reputation.

It was to be expected that the PRESIDENT would speak cheerfully of the progress of the war, although it has been accompanied by so many sacrifices and disasters. Finding himself unable to compete with his Southern rival in the enumeration of actual victories, Mr. LINCOLN judiciously dwells on the occupation of a few points on the Confederate sea-coast; and he boasts, somewhat prematurely, that Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland are secured to the Union. Maryland is governed by military law, and the prisons are crowded with political offenders, who are charged either with an intention of adopting an unpalatable course in the State Legislature, or with depositing in the ballot-box tickets which are described as treasonable. A general commanding in the district lately informed the War Department that it would take 200,000 men to keep Kentucky in the Union. Not the smallest success in Missouri has compensated for the defeats at Springfield, and for the capture of Lexington; nor is there any reason to suppose that the Confederate forces which lately overran the State have been weakened, although they may temporarily have retreated. The official indifference to the real state of affairs is illustrated by Mr. LINCOLN's suggestion that the District of Columbia should, by diplomatic arrangements with Virginia, be extended beyond the southern bank of the Potomac. As the Government of Virginia is bitterly hostile to the Union, while its territory is protected by the main army of the Confederates, it is idle to propose negotiations which can never even commence until an improbable victory has rendered them altogether superfluous.

The only considerable ground for satisfaction on the part of the Federalists is to be found in their rapid accumulation of an enormous military force. They have not been able to provide the army with competent officers, and they will hereafter find a difficulty in paying it; but the raw material of vast military power is there, and the knowledge that they have more than 600,000 men in the field cannot fail to increase the habitual presumption of the Northern Americans. The probable rupture with England will put an end to all hopes of reconquering the seceded States. When the Southern ports are opened, and the Northern ports blockaded, it will be obviously useless any longer to threaten the invasion of the Slave States. The Federal Government may consequently allow the war to languish on the border, while an attempt is made to excite popular enthusiasm by an attack on Canada. There is every reason to hope that the enterprise will end in ignominious failure; but Americans are habitually sanguine and boastful, and the hope of subduing a portion of the British Empire will tempt the multitude, while their leaders profit by the opportunity of diverting attention from their own broken promises and unfulfilled prophecies. In the latter part of the war which ended in establishing the independence of the revolted colonies, all attempts on the part of England to recover her lost dominions were tacitly discontinued. The precedent may probably be followed during the second

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unnatural rebellion; and whatever may be the result of a contest on the Northern frontier, it will be too late, after an interval of inaction, to resume the undertaking of restoring the Union. It is impossible to ascertain from the Presidential Message whether Mr. LINCOLN himself is aware of the gravity of the crisis with which he has to deal. He may possibly not even have been aware that he was engaged in a serious dispute with England, and his declaration that no belligerent act ought to be committed "not founded on strict 'right as mentioned by international law," is perhaps a barren platitude unconnected with the outrage for which the English Minister has by this time demanded reparation. Some of his advisers are more cunning and more mischievous, and there is much reason to fear that, with the aid of vulgar clamour, they will force their country into a wanton and unnecessary war. To England the necessity is serious and painful, but the sacrifices and sufferings which must ensue will be in no degree aggravated by self-reproach. The Federal States will only have themselves and their rulers to blame for a suicidal war which will confirm the first secession, and perhaps precipitate a second.

TELEGRAPHIC FINANCE.

THE nearest approach we know to the conception of chaos is a telegraphic summary of the Budget of a bankrupt State. The confusion of the telegraph (which in statements involving figures is getting quite intolerable), added to the inherent confusion of a German exposition of the most confused financial affairs in Europe, has made the brief account of Baron SCHMERLING's Budget almost as unintelligible as the policy of his unfortunate sovereign. The first paragraph gravely informs us that the estimated revenue of the Empire for the past year was 30,000,000*l.*, and the anticipated expenditure 34,400,000*l.* If it had stopped here, the telegram would have been intelligible, whether accurate or not, and we should have been left to form our own opinion of the solvency of a State which entered upon its financial year without the power of borrowing, and with the deliberate intention of spending between four and five millions beyond its income. But either the telegraph or Baron SCHMERLING is weak at subtraction; and in the teeth of the previous statements, the estimated deficit is said to have been 6,000,000*l.*—that is to say, 2,000,000*l.* more than the difference between revenue and expenditure, the consolatory information being added, that the whole was intended to be amply covered by means of credit operations.

Anticipations indulged a year ago are, however, somewhat unimportant now that dry facts have taken their place. Unluckily, the confusion that makes the conjectural estimate unintelligible becomes worse confounded in the statement of the actual results. Probably, the safest plan is to believe the most unfavourable admissions, and to assume that some accidental or designed obscurity will account for the less alarming inferences which M. Von SCHMERLING's statement is said to have contained. Every one must have been prepared to hear of an expenditure in excess of the estimate; and one can scarcely be far wrong in crediting the assertion that this has amounted to close upon 6,000,000*l.* So far it would seem that, even if the revenue equalled the expectations formed of it, the total deficit of the year must be upwards of 12,000,000*l.* No one of course could suppose that, with Hungary refusing to pay taxes, the revenue can have failed to fall off; and though little more than 1,000,000*l.* is acknowledged as the loss by reason of the Hungarian difficulty, it is admitted that the entire revenue has fallen short by the enormous sum of 10,900,000*l.*, or just one-third of its total amount. Although to credit this satisfies our canon of accepting the least favourable version, it is scarcely credible that a State which draws its resources mainly from land-tax, stamps, and excise duties can have suffered so severe a loss in a single year. If true, the statement would leave an actual deficit of upwards of 23,000,000*l.*, which might enter into respectable comparison with the extravagances of the Emperor NAPOLEON. To make the obscurity darker still, the next piece of information is, that the true amount of the deficit is only 4,000,000*l.*, or less than a third of what the returns of expenditure would make it, even if the revenue had been fully sustained.

Whether four, or twelve, or twenty-three millions may be the actual deficiency—and it can scarcely be less than the intermediate sum—it is at least certain that a very serious

deficit exists, which is proposed to be covered by the ingenious though, under the circumstances, rather questionable resource of "credit operations." The telegram goes on with its happy vein of self-contradiction until it reaches the most sublime heights of gratuitous mendacity. One paragraph assures us that the National Bank has not been applied to for a loan, and that no public bonds have been issued. This appears so extremely like truth, when it is remembered that no sane man would accept a new bond of the Austrian Empire, and that even a National Bank may have qualms about sharing the ruin of its Government, that it is almost impossible to doubt that at last we have arrived at something genuine; yet, as if on purpose to baulk the most reasonable system of interpretation, straightway appears another paragraph, which tells us that the next year's deficit is to be provided for partly by increased taxation, and partly "by credit operations with the National Bank, the charter of which is to be renewed in return for a loan of 8,000,000*l.* bearing no interest." What the truth is among all these contradictory assertions, we shall probably know when the Minister's statement is reported at length, if it should by some happy chance admit of being understood. Two or three isolated matters are enough to suggest a substantially correct conclusion, without the aid of impossible figures. A large proportion of the last lottery loan has not been taken up, and the State domains are destined to be sold as the State Railways were sold before. This news at any rate is too bad to be false. But the crowning stroke of imagination is the assurance that out of the 8,000,000*l.* loan 2,000,000*l.* will be repaid in monthly instalments of 100,000*l.*, and the rest by 1870. It is quite possible that this last stroke of humour may be Baron SCHMERLING's, and not Mr. REUTER's; but in these days of startling financial revelations, it really is too bad that the Telegraph should disturb people's nerves with such marvellous jumbles of figures as it is in the habit of producing.

Even without the arithmetical curiosities which it contains, the announcement furnished for our meditation would be startling enough. For instance, it is gravely recorded that the resolutions of the Reichsrath on financial questions will be as legal as if all the provinces of the Empire were represented. What is meant by this alleged legality of the proceedings of a body like the Austrian Council—which, according to the paper Constitution, is either a representation of the whole empire or nothing—it is difficult to guess. Probably it may be considered that the repudiation of the Hungarian Constitution and the collection of unauthorized taxes by military violence furnish other proofs of the legality of the Imperial proceedings. But the real question, so far as the Budget is concerned, is not so much one of technical legality, as whether the non-Hungarian provinces will submit with a better grace to the taxes levied for the maintenance of a force to keep down Venice and Hungary, merely because they are nominally, or it may be really, submitted to the consideration of the Reichsrath.

The most servile representative bodies are apt to grow restive over financial topics. Even the French Chamber has indulged in occasional murmurs when the Imperial practice of spending without regard to votes has been prominently brought before it; and if the Emperor NAPOLEON has thought it prudent to conciliate his faithful legislators by granting them a larger share of financial power, it is not impossible that his brother of Austria may, in course of time, discover that the Reichsrath, however readily it may take the narrow Austrian view of the Empire, will nevertheless prove stubborn when it is asked to adjust the burden of taxation to its own neck. Whatever Mr. ROEBUCK may say, the Austrian Constitution will not have commenced its existence, even for those provinces which have accepted its provisions, until the Reichsrath shall have shown itself capable of assuming control over the matters which are professedly submitted to its discretion. Nor can any, even the most desperate, hopes be founded on representative machinery, until it has been seen that the Parliament is strong enough and able enough to restrain the expenditure of the State within the limits of its revenue, and the Monarch honest enough not to attempt to recal the prerogatives which he professes to have parted with for ever. Its first Budget will probably furnish the test by which the calibre of the new Council will be conclusively determined; but whatever unexpected wisdom and courage it may display, a Parliament which represents less than half the Empire, discussing a Budget of which the income may be not much more than half the expenditure, presents a picture which

no one but Baron SCHMERLING is likely to contemplate without dismay. The Austrian Constitution has had its admirers, and was really framed with boldness, if not with honesty; but when the perils from within and without are considered—the impatient hostility of Italy, the brooding discontent of Venice, the steady demands of Hungary, the estrangement of Transylvania, the universal disaffection of all the outlying provinces, the just suspicions of the good faith of the Monarch who has trampled down all law in his most important kingdom, and the utter confusion of the Imperial finances—the question that rises to every one's lips is not what will be the end of it, but how soon the end will come. It remains to be seen whether the discussion which is invited of the finances of the Empire will hasten or avert the fate which seems to be hanging over Austria.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT AND FOREIGN COURTS.

WE have now before us a selection from the despatches of Mr. SEWARD to the representatives of the Federal Government at Foreign Courts, and from those sent in reply; and we are, therefore, able to form some notion of the mode in which the diplomacy of the Northern States has been conducted since the accession of the present Cabinet to office. The general impression produced is certainly not favourable. There is a great want of ease and dignity in all that Mr. SEWARD writes, and his hasty and ill-considered opinions are reflected in a style which the most indulgent reader must pronounce one of the worst ever written. However, the matter and not the manner is the important thing; and as his correspondents write nearly as badly as himself, Mr. SEWARD has probably not been troubled with much criticism. Immediately on taking office, he issued a circular to all the representatives of the States, and he has followed up his first missive with others to the same purpose. His objects appear to have been these. He wished foreign Courts to understand that the struggle between North and South was not worth calling a war, as it would be very soon over, and harmony would be restored almost before the quarrel attracted the notice of Europe. He wished to prevent the rebels receiving any recognition whatever; and, lastly, he wanted to persuade foreign Courts that it was in the highest degree to their interest that the South should be speedily subdued. It must have cost Mr. SEWARD some little pain, and put him perhaps to some little shame, when he laid before Congress the confident prophecies of a speedy end of the war which he sent a few months ago across the Atlantic for the benefit of deluded and ignorant Europeans. The Minister in England is instructed to say that "the PRESIDENT neither looks for nor apprehends any actual and permanent dismemberment of the American Union, especially by a line of latitude," and he is to represent that such a dismemberment has been rendered impossible by the construction of railways uniting the South with the North. The Minister at Paris is told to assure M. THOUVENEL that "a favourable issue is deemed certain; what is wanted is, that the war may be short." The confidence of Mr. SEWARD was, however, exceeded by that of his subordinates. The Representative of the States at Madrid, so late as April 22nd, would not believe that there would be any fighting whatever. The Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, in reply to an assurance that the rebellion would be put down at once, took the liberty to state that at any rate the North was obliged to make great military and naval preparations, and that the consequences were to be decided. "I replied," says ex-Minister PRESTON, "that his information was erroneous." This was cutting the knot with a vengeance. At home, the Cabinet would not allow that the war was a war, and abroad its representatives would not acknowledge that the suppression of the rebellion cost any trouble or needed any preparation whatever.

At first, Mr. SEWARD seems to have hoped that he would succeed in preventing the recognition of the South as belligerents by England and France. He vaguely threatened that the Federal Government would take this recognition as an insult to itself. "The United States cannot for a moment allow the French Government to rest under the delusive belief that they will be content to have the Confederate States recognised as a belligerent Power by States with which this nation is at amity." And Lord RUSSELL is warned how easily a treatment of rebels as belligerents may be misconstrued. Mr. ADAMS is instructed to confide to the ear of the English Foreign Minister the lucid and pregnant propo-

sition that "a concession of belligerent rights is liable to be construed as a recognition of them." But both England and France were determined to act for themselves in the matter, and the next object of Mr. SEWARD was to prevent the reception, official or unofficial, of any emissaries of the Southern States. He wanted to get a positive pledge that the European Courts would not recognise the Confederate States as a *de facto* Government, and would not enter into any negotiations with agents seeking to bring about such a recognition. Lord RUSSELL and M. THOUVENEL flatly refused to give any pledge of the kind. To engage that under no circumstances would England ever recognise an existing State in America, was, as Lord RUSSELL prudently remarked, "more than he could promise," and M. THOUVENEL reminded Mr. DAYTON, the American Minister at Paris, that the practice and usage of the present century had fully established the right of *de facto* Governments to recognition when a proper case was made out for the decision of foreign Powers. With minor Courts Mr. SEWARD was more successful. Prussia and Austria gave most encouraging replies. It is true that, as Mr. SEWARD confessed, Prussia had not much to do with the war, and could exercise none but the faintest and remotest influence on its issue: but still, as "an almost electric political connexion exists between the several capitals of Western Europe," it was worth while to prevent the conspirators from getting hold of the German end of the wire. The Germans were very willing to place their mild battery at the service of a State wishing to put down a rebellion of any kind. "Prussia," said M. Von SCHLEINITZ, "from the principles of unrelenting opposition to revolutionary movements, would be one of the last to recognise any *de facto* Government of the disaffected States." And Austria could truly and honestly assure ex-Minister JONES that "she was not inclined to recognise *de facto* governments anywhere." So strong was the determination of the Washington Cabinet to prevent all European Powers from taking any part in American affairs, and so great its dread lest all intervention should turn to the profit of the South, that it summarily rejected an offer of the Emperor of the FRENCH to act as mediator. "No mediation could modify in the least degree the convictions of policy and duty under which the Government is acting, while foreign intervention, even in the friendly form of mediation, would produce new and injurious complications." All that Mr. SEWARD asked was that foreign nations would stand entirely aloof while the Northern States extinguished the sickly and flickering flame of Southern rebellion. Foreign States have stood aloof, and watched the panic of Bull's Run and the closing of the Potomac to the vessels of the Federal Government.

Mr. SEWARD was also at great pains to explain to the Courts he addressed how greatly they would benefit if the Union were speedily restored. In the face of the MORRILL Tariff, he especially insisted that this was the only road to the revival of a "liberal commerce." But he was aware that, with England more particularly, it would be taking dangerous ground to insist too exclusively on the great commercial gain it would be to her to side with the protectionists of Pennsylvania, and to lose the cotton crop of the South. In addressing England, therefore, he appealed to higher considerations. He reminded us that we were connected by the ties of common descent, language, customs, sentiments, and religion, and that England had a share in the prosperity and the triumphs of the nations and colonies that had sprung from her. "It has been thought," he writes, "by many who have studied the philosophy of modern history profoundly, that the success of the nation deriving their descent from Great Britain might, through many ages, reflect back upon that kingdom the proper glories of its own great career." The same thought, only in a little clearer shape, has occurred to many who have not studied the philosophy of modern history profoundly; and it is so simple and just, that the more popular it becomes the better. We wish that Americans would more often appeal to what has long been felt in England—the strength and nearness of the ties that unite us. The dislike to forget these ties, and the reluctance to shed the blood of a kindred race speaking our own language, is felt here so keenly, that we should have borne everything except the intimation that war would be forced on us, and that we should be made to fight whether we liked it or not. Even now it would be in the highest degree wrong if we did not do all we could, with honour, to avert a war; and every man of sense and feeling in England will rejoice if peace

is preserved. With other European Courts Mr. SEWARD had to take a rather different line, and to dwell on the general advantages of a strong harmonious Government being established to protect the trade of a country which exported and imported so freely. But it was not only with European Courts that Mr. SEWARD had to deal—there was one American Government which gave him great anxiety. It was doubtful how Mexico would behave, and Mexico might either be of the greatest service to the Confederates if friendly to them, or a thorn in their side if she were hostile. Accordingly, Mr. SEWARD set himself to persuade the existing Government in Mexico that its best chance was to take the Federal side, because the South would be sure to sacrifice them personally by getting up an internal revolution in Mexico, and then end all Mexican revolutions by helping itself to a territory so eagerly coveted. Apparently Mr. SEWARD and his correspondent were successful, and Mexico, through its existing authorities, pronounced itself decidedly friendly to the Federal Government. Even the American Minister himself, however, thought it rather odd. It could hardly have been expected that the former experience of Mexico would have prompted it to look to Washington as the true source of aid and countenance. "That this should be so," writes Mr. CORWIN, in the fine bold English of American diplomacy, "is somewhat remarkable when engendered in the general Mexican mind by the loss of Texas, which they attribute to our citizens, and the compulsory cession of territory which was a consequence of our war with them." However unaccountable, it must be regarded as a diplomatic triumph, and so perhaps must the command so promptly gained over the "almost electric" influences of Prussia. Otherwise, Mr. SEWARD's career as Foreign Secretary has not brought him much glory, or done much to raise his reputation.

THE ENGLISH PRESS AND AMERICAN OPINION.

M R. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED of New York, whose letters in the duplicate columns of the *Morning Herald* and *Standard* enjoy the same honours of typography as the epistles of the redoubtable MANHATTAN, is known in this country as the writer of an amusing and instructive book on one of the English Universities. Mr. BRISTED's volume was greatly superior to the dull or trivial pictures of academical life executed by native observers, but it is evident that he owed his advantages chiefly to his being a foreigner, for, in the sketches of his country and countrymen which he has since contributed to several English magazines, he has fallen into the very error which is the vice of the Peter Priggins school of romance. Mr. BRISTED has perseveringly described to his readers that which is exceptional and accidental in America rather than that which is permanent, prevalent, and influential. He has displayed an extreme anxiety to prove to us that there are quite as fine gentlemen in America, or rather in New York, as in England, or any part of Europe. He has insisted that the "Upper Ten Thousand" dress as well, eat as luxuriously, ride horses as expensive, bet as deeply, and are as completely useless as the most exquisite idler of Pall Mall or the Boulevards; and this demonstration he evidently considers of extreme importance to the philosopher and politician, for at least half of one of his recent letters, entitled a "Voice from the North," is taken up with a critical disquisition on the dinner and the equipages which greeted him on his last arrival in New York. It is not worth while meeting Mr. BRISTED with the obvious rejoinder that his great argument could be pressed on us with tenfold cogency by some "Voice from the South;" but we must beg to point out to him that there is one characteristic of English gentlemen which he has never ventured to attribute to the cream of his countrymen, and which he now denies to them by the strongest implication. The faculty of taking punishment and bearing no malice cannot have escaped Mr. BRISTED's keen observation as common enough in England; but the object of his last letter is to tell us that hatred of this country has spread among "all classes" of Americans, and that the grand causes of the ill-feeling which fills even the calm breasts of the Upper Ten Thousand are the leading articles of the *Times* and of the *Saturday Review*. There is at least one sentiment common to Mr. BRISTED and his friends and to the masses from whom they would willingly be distinguished. It is expressed in the dictum of the celebrated Mr. Hannibal Chollop—"We are a great people, sir, and we must be cracked up."

Mr. BRISTED seems to be under a strange mistake both as to the duty and as to the actual objects of the principal English newspapers. It is plain that he contemplates us as writing for an American public, and as wantonly irritating it by insulting criticism. But, though we have written much on America, we profess to have written nothing which was specially intended for American readers. The *Saturday Review* does not specially lay itself out for an extensive American circulation; and if there were any chance of our obtaining it, we should be instantly pirated by some American publisher, and the pirate would have to bear the responsibility of diffusing our offensive remarks. It is singular that we should have to assure an intelligent gentleman that we write for Englishmen; that while we owe no duty to the United States, we are very decidedly under a duty to our own country; and that if we found any conclusions on American affairs it is because we think our inferences of value in England. If we have said that pure democratic Government has given ascendancy to the feebler intellect over the stronger, to the less instructed mind over the educated, to the lower capacity over the higher—if we have asserted that it has failed to produce the fruits which spring in the Old World from regulated liberty, such as a disposition to deal out equal justice among classes, and the habit of mutual forbearance between opponents—if we have pointed out that it has not taught the duty of moderation in victory, or of decent calmness under defeat—we have done this, not certainly because we fancied we could do any good in America by saying it, but because we knew that our observations, if true, were calculated to correct English misapprehensions. Mr. BRISTED cannot be so unfamiliar with the country in which he received part of his education as not to be aware that there are influential politicians in England whose whole repertory of political wisdom consists of assertions of the excellence of American institutions; and if so, he cannot be so foolish as to deny that, in arguing against the expediency of giving precedence to equal numerical representation over every other distribution of voting power, we are entitled to make use of illustrations from American experience. Probably his eagerness to convince us that there are polished and educated gentlemen in America arose from his wish to repel the imputations which used to be inspired by the superfine Crokerian flunkeyism of the old *Quarterly Review*. But obstinate Tory prejudices against the United States have now pretty much given place to noisy Radical prejudices in their favour, and it is as much our business to dispose of one set of false opinions as it is Mr. BRISTED's to make an end of the other. All this is so plain to any one who will take ordinary pains to understand the position of an English journal, that it would be time wasted to point to particular articles as proving the object of the *Saturday Review* in its criticisms on America.

If Mr. BRISTED and his friends insist on reading what is not intended for them, the best thing they can do is to assume the perfect sincerity of the writer. He tells us that Americans of his own class are particularly hurt by the strictures of the *Saturday Review*, because they believe it to be written by "men of education, if not talent." He himself is kind enough to admit "that a good deal of learning and cleverness is sunk" in this journal; and he adds, very handsomely, that he has "a strong personal regard for several of its contributors." It strikes us that Mr. BRISTED and the "gentlemen and scholars" of New York, whose defection to Anglophobia he deplores, would do well to convince themselves that what they read in our columns exactly reproduces the impression left by their countrymen's conduct on "men of education, if not talent" in England. We do not know that it requires much learning or cleverness to perceive that the American populace acted insanely in forcing on the hasty advance to Bull's Run, or that it disgraced itself by the bragging vaunts by which it sought to disguise a great disaster. But if an opinion to that effect has its weight enhanced by its appearing in the *Saturday Review*, our American readers had better give it all the more of their attention. Similarly, they may be assured that "men of education, if not talent," do really think that the indignation displayed at the British declaration of neutrality was childish in the extreme; and they may thoroughly believe us when we state that the public sympathies of England, which were entirely with the North at starting, have been greatly chilled by its folly and presumptuousness, and would probably have veered round to the South if it had been possible for them to be attracted by so bad a cause.

Of the view which we take of the events which have occurred more recently, they will know something in a few days; and it will be profitable to Mr. BRISTED himself if he makes use of our observations to correct the frame of mind which leads him to regard the seizure of the Southern Envoys as a "good practical joke."

It is not quite impossible to cultivate the habit of passing over in foreign opinions that which is prejudiced or mis-taken, and laying to heart so much of them as suggests real defects in national conduct or character. So successful have Englishmen been in schooling themselves to this state of mind, that they are in some danger of thinking foreign criticisms valuable merely because they are unfavourable. If the "gentlemen and scholars" of America could really acquire this faculty, they might become (what we fear they boast without reason of being at present) a leaven of good in the crude mass of American society; but, if they cannot succeed in rendering themselves more callous than the mob—if the share taken by "cleverness and learning" in bringing home to them some fragment of truth only makes them the angrier—we can give them no advice except to abstain from reading the *Saturday Review*.

COX FOR EVER.

WE warned Mr. REMINGTON MILLS, a fortnight ago, that he was not the right sort of man for Finsbury, and that it would go hard with him in a serious contest with a real Friend of the People like Mr. COX. Though "born in the borough, and many years resident within its "limits"—a qualification to which he naturally attached immense importance—he too evidently lacked that genuine sympathy with the Finsbury mind which marked his gifted and fortunate rival. He swallowed, of course, all the regulation pledges which a great and enlightened constituency imposes on every champion of progress; but occasional lapses into moderation and good sense made it painfully apparent that his heart was not in the cause. He took distinctions. He refined and explained. He went for "judicious" economy, and "well-considered" retrenchment. He was not quite sure about the expediency of immediately giving votes to all the male adults in Finsbury and the United Kingdom. He could not say for certain that he would offer an uncompromising opposition to any and every Church-rate Abolition Bill except Sir JOHN TRELAWNEY'S. He laid injudicious emphasis on his zeal for education, and even allowed it to be hinted by an indiscreet supporter that he was "a devout Christian." He left it in doubt whether he would, like his patriotic rival, stand up for the right of every free-born Briton to defend the unsavoury penetralia of his domestic establishment against sanitary intrusion. In short, he was really, at heart, "no better than a Whig"—which seems to be Finsburian for respectability. Even to be backed and patronized by that savoury vessel Sir MORTON PETO was a disadvantage to him. Finsbury was repelled by the stiffness as much as by the piety of the great pillar of nonconformity. Then there was no fun in him. He wanted the rollicking animal spirits which, after all, go further with free and independent electors than all the points of the Charter together. There was never a word in his speeches to suggest or provoke such interpellations as those which cheered and rewarded the happier efforts of his competitor—"Go it, old boy;" and "At 'em again." So, when it turned out that the Man of the People meant business, Mr. MILLS' chances dwindled day by day, till Saturday found him nowhere at the show of hands, and Monday placed him second at the poll. All the approved machinery of metropolitan electioneering was vain against the divine rage of a mob mad for COX. A legion of experienced agents and paid canvassers, numerous district committees comprising all that is eminent and influential in the borough up to the rank of vestryman, a list of central committeemen half a yard long, unanimous votes of crowded public meetings, oceans of beer and regiments of cabs—all came to nothing as soon as the great COX was fairly in the field. Those who, for awhile, persisted in regarding Mr. COX's candidature as a joke, little knew the depth of enthusiasm and the height of self-sacrifice of which the British ten-pounder is capable in the presence of a real platform hero. Even the average Finsbury elector, if his nobler sympathies are once stirred, will, it seems, scorn cabs, and discharge the proudest duty of a citizen on foot.

The popular estimate of this great victory of principle and progress is undoubtedly the true one. It is a genuine triumph of purity of election. Finsbury was called upon to return a fit and proper person to represent it in Parliament, and, as impartial bystanders, we are entirely convinced of the fitness and propriety of its selection. Mr. COX is a real representative man—the typical embodiment of the divine idea of the normal Finsbury ten-pounder. In COX all true Finsburians behold the living reflex of what is best and highest in themselves. They are not nice, and COX is not nice. They enjoy and admire a certain reckless, good-humoured audacity, and COX is reckless, good-humoured, and audacious. They like rough and ready talk with plenty of fun in it, and COX has an unlimited supply of the article always on hand. They love hard-hitting without malice, and their favourite can say the strongest things and mean no harm. As last Saturday's mob, according to the reporters, groaned and yelled, and hissed and screamed, and saluted the respectable Mr. MILLS as "Traitor" and "Turncoat," "without the smallest particle of bad feeling," so the hero of the day pitched into the "nominees of a clique" and the enemies of the people generally, without, we really believe, an atom of ill-will to any human creature. As for politics, member and constituency are made for each other. They have no turn for political philosophy, nor has he. They like broad and strong ways of putting things, and so does he. The man for them is one who will bolt all the Radical pledges with the fewest possible words; and Mr. COX has a mind which is clearly above delicate distinctions and troublesome doubts. They would never dream of questioning that the real thing for the country is to give votes to Mr. BRIGHT'S six millions of adult males, and to allot to the metropolitan boroughs their due complement of seventy members; and we are sure that Mr. COX has no political convictions at variance with a theory which it is a necessary condition of his Parliamentary existence to subscribe. Not that they are painfully in earnest about the matter; nor is he. They will probably be satisfied, for an indefinite number of years, to clamour periodically for impossible innovations which a tyrant oligarchy will refuse to discuss; and he will be contented to give his fearless, uncompromising, and independent support to projects which will be invariably defeated without a moment's disturbance of his equanimity. On the whole, we are bound to recognise in the successful candidate an extraordinarily faithful exponent of the intellectual, moral, and political idiosyncrasies of the electoral body whose suffrages he has so manfully sought and won. If it is considered desirable—and, for more reasons than one, we think it exceedingly desirable—that Parliament and the country should see a genuine sample of the Finsbury ten-pounder mind, here they have it.

It is difficult to say a serious word of such a business as an election contest which ends in sending Mr. COX to the House of Commons as the representative of 22,000 voters—of whom, by the way, rather less than half took sufficient interest in the matter to vote at all. Mr. COX will certainly do no harm in Parliament, and indirectly his presence there may have its uses. Yet it might be an interesting and not quite unprofitable speculation to consider how long Parliamentary Government would be likely to last in this country in its present form (or perhaps in any form), if any large proportion of the Legislature were elected under the influences which determine the choice of our metropolitan boroughs. For the present, the question has fortunately ceased to be a practical one, and there is no immediate prospect of its claiming once more the serious notice of politicians; but, as it is not so very long since a popular demagogue whom the chiefs of great parties thought it expedient to flatter was advocating, with apparent success, constitutional changes directly tending to such a state of things, it may be well to measure now and then the danger which we have almost accidentally escaped. Mr. BRIGHT'S Reform Bill, which not three years ago was deemed entitled to grave discussion—and which was so far a reality that it called forth a Ministerial counter-proposal which obtained his cordial approbation—would simply have turned the whole borough constituencies of England into one enormous Finsbury, in which the educated mind of the country would have been hopelessly overpowered by noise and numbers. The modified project which more responsible statesmen ineffectually endeavoured to render acceptable to a reluctant Legislature only differed from the Birmingham scheme in promising to lead by easy intermediate

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stages to the same ultimate goal. Under present circumstances, we have no reason to apprehend an early repetition of the experiment, yet it may be not the less useful to have before our eyes a good working model of an invention which has still many professed admirers. Politicians who continue to hold the opinion that the securities for good government and wise legislation would be improved by depriving the educated portion of the community of all electoral power, and by filling the House of Commons with the delegates of a class compared with which the existing ten-pound householders form a sort of aristocracy, may advantageously study the pot-house and hustings oratory which floats an obscure and ignorant vestry agitator into unbounded popularity and a metropolitan borough seat.

MR. LINCOLN ON THE SLAVERY DIFFICULTY.

AMONG the innumerable troubles which beset the Federal Government, the next in difficulty to the dispute with England is the controversy respecting the emancipation of the negroes. The PRESIDENT, perhaps, could not do better than in evading or postponing a decision; and it is to his credit that he has restrained the members of his Cabinet from discussing the question in their subsidiary Reports. As he observes in significant italics, "*the Union must be preserved*, and hence all dispensable means must be employed." An ordinary President would have used the word "indispensable," but verbal accuracy is by no means indispensable for the purpose of rendering language sufficiently intelligible. For the present, it may be collected that Mr. LINCOLN thinks that the Union is at least not likely to be preserved by the adoption of wild projects for releasing and arming the negro population. Among subordinate officials, perfect anarchy seems to prevail in relation to the question in dispute. Mr. CAMERON, who approves of using all methods to suppress the resistance of the slave-owners, after concurring in the dismissal of General FREMONT in consequence of his illegal proclamation, appointed as his successor in the West the most determined opponent of all attempts at forcible liberation. General HALLECK refuses to admit a single fugitive slave within his lines; and there can be little doubt of his real motives, although he assigns as an excuse the danger of encouraging negro spies. The white malcontents whose country he occupies are far more likely to convey information to the enemy, but General HALLECK is well aware that it is necessary to assign a pretext which will not be too unpalatable to his superiors at Washington. General JIM LANE, United States Senator for Kansas, and formerly leader of the Border Ruffians of Missouri, having veered round from extreme pro-slavery fanaticism to the popular cause of Abolition, elegantly declares that General HALLECK's assertion is a lie. Senator LANE's character appears to be open to criticism, for it is stated by an admiring biographer that no other man could have got over as he did the murder of a certain JENKINS; yet it is evident that the first advocate of slavery in Kansas would not now denounce an imputation on the good faith of runaway negroes, unless he judged that the dominant majority was inclining to extreme theories of Abolition. Nevertheless, in the recent municipal election at New York, the successful candidate for the mayoralty was forced to repudiate the charge of supporting the war for the purpose of promoting negro emancipation. The Democrats who, by dividing their strength, have allowed a Republican candidate to attain the civic chair, still form a large majority of the city population, and they unanimously declare that Abolition is worse than Secession. It is not easy for an impartial PRESIDENT to choose his course amid the jarring clamour of contending factions.

Mr. LINCOLN, although he prudently recoils from the frightful crime of encouraging a negro insurrection, alludes, in various parts of his Message, to the probability of having to provide for a large Slave population. His proposed recognition of Hayti and Liberia points to the expediency of removing the coloured inhabitants, and his demand for an appropriation to found a negro colony shows that he anticipates some interference with the property of the slave-owners. Up to the present time, there are no symptoms of servile disaffection in the South; but in the event of any considerable success on the part of the Federal troops, it is possible that large bodies of negroes might be placed at the disposal of the Northern Government. Even Mr. BEECHER, in the pulpit itself, is conscientious enough to admit that it is utterly impossible to leave fugitive Slaves to themselves. A few stragglers may be absorbed in the working commu-

nity, but hordes of emancipated negroes cannot be left to pursue their own pleasure. Mr. LINCOLN thinks that it will be easier to remove them than to provide them with a Government; but he seems to forget that, whether bond or free, they form the only available labouring population of the Southern States. It is out of the question to expatriate four millions of workmen, and the negroes who remain in their accustomed homes must, by private or public coercion, be forced to work. The absurd resolutions which are proposed day after day in Congress for the liberation of the Slaves are framed in utter indifference to the result which is to ensue from forcible emancipation. The PRESIDENT is fortunately more responsible than the House of Representatives; and although he is not provided with a remedy, he abstains from vulgar nostrums.

When the disruption first became imminent, Northern politicians were prodigal of pledges that the peculiar institutions of the South should retain all their constitutional safeguards. The demonstrations which are still repeated from time to time to prove the illegality of the insurrection, are founded on the assumption that the election of a Republican President was not inimical to the interests of the slave-owners. It is plausibly argued that all promises are cancelled, and all relations reversed by the outbreak of hostilities. All weapons are lawful to subdue an enemy, but it is desirable to consider whether the object of the struggle is to exterminate him or to reconquer his friendship. Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, as a professed Abolitionist, consistently declares that he by no means desires the reconstitution of the former Union. The Federal Government was pledged to uphold the system which his party regard as an abomination; and if peace could be made to-morrow, Mr. LINCOLN must acknowledge the authority of the DRED SCOTT decision, and the Northern States must repeal their Acts for the protection of fugitive slaves. A war to the knife will naturally be conducted on different principles; but the party which was but lately at the head of affairs is not yet prepared to admit that reconciliation is hopeless. A political faction which is puffed up by a sudden burst of prosperity almost always collapses from its mushroom greatness. The Abolitionists, who were twelve months ago an insignificant sect, will not soon be accepted as the guides and leaders of the community. The fortune of the struggle depends chiefly on the ultimate decision of the Border States. It is unreasonable to suppose that the proprietors of Maryland and Kentucky will regard with indifference the confiscation of slaves in Georgia and South Carolina. The Union party, which enjoys a less apocryphal existence on the frontier than in the extreme South, has always assumed that slave property would be recognised by the Federal Government, and any interference with the system will be resented as a breach of public faith.

The practical difficulty will, perhaps, be removed by that rupture for which the whole Northern population seems so strangely unprepared. It is unfortunate that the interference of England should directly or indirectly assist the slave-owners, but a refusal to surrender Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL will effectually relieve the Federal armies from the necessity of dealing with the negro population. It is impossible to foresee the ultimate tendency of total and final separation between the North and the South. The Fugitive Slave-law is already repealed by the actual state of war, and it can evidently never be reimposed, except by that restoration of the ancient Union which all Federalists confidently proclaim as approaching, and in which no reasonable human being believes. A year ago, Mr. LINCOLN and his party were bound by the Constitution and by their own promises to maintain the indefeasible rights of the slave-owners against all aggression. The circumstances which have released them from their pledges at least diminish the force which is available for the preservation of the system. The Southern States must find means to keep their negroes in subjection without the willing aid of their former Democrat allies, and in defiance of the open hostility of Republicans who have become alien enemies. Some Confederate politicians probably desire to restore the Slave-trade, but the efforts of the English squadron will no longer be baffled by the connivance of American cruisers, and the New York traders in human flesh have recently received a warning that the Federal Government is at last in earnest, and determined to enforce its laws.

One consequence of recent events will perhaps consist in the formal abolition of slavery in some of the border districts where it has already been found unprofitable. The PRESIDENT alludes to movements of this kind in Kentucky, and the illegally constituted State which is attempting to

detach itself from Virginia will undoubtedly wish to dispense with an institution which never pays in highland regions. On the whole, it may be concluded that the disruption which has for some months been complete will so far further the cause of emancipation that it will to a certain extent restrict the area of slavery. If the Confederate Government were willing to make peace to-morrow, it might perhaps be difficult to reconcile the excited inhabitants of the North to a renewal of their former complicity with the practices which they have lately professed to abhor. Whatever may be the final solution of the problem, it will certainly not be found in Mr. LINCOLN's plan for a wholesale deportation which would leave vast regions without the means of tilling the soil.

THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE late Prince Consort was a foreigner, in a country where foreigners do not easily find their way to the heart of the people. He was a German, in a country where a traditional prejudice against Germans in high places has descended from the time when the Hanoverian dynasty were aliens, and hated by a powerful section of the nation; and when it was always suspected, and sometimes with justice, that the interests of England were sacrificed to those of Hanover in the conduct of affairs. He had been brought up at small German Courts, the worst possible school of manners for one who was to make himself popular with the English; and, as his tomb needs no lying epitaph, it may be admitted that he had thus contracted a certain stiffness which, combined with a reserve which was the offspring of genuine, though misconstrued, modesty, somewhat detracted from the effect of his sterling virtues and accomplishments on the minds of those with whom he came in contact. Yet, with all these disadvantages, his death has been bewailed as a heavy domestic affliction in every family throughout the land. It has been felt to add gloom to the dark prospect of an almost civil war. The feelings which it has awakened have been compared, without exaggeration, to those which were awakened in English hearts by the loss of our own Princess Charlotte, the hope and darling of the nation. It is true that the national grief for the Prince Consort has been blended with and heightened by intense sorrow and anxiety for the Queen. But this, instead of diminishing, enhances the honour of the dead. The bright omens of the marriage-day have been well fulfilled, though the happiness of that day was the commencement has been prematurely closed.

It should be known that we owe to this man not only the grief which a loyal nation feels at every loss nearly affecting the sovereign, or that which is excited by the premature termination of a life so full of vigour, hope, and promise. We owe him a real debt of gratitude for important service—service not the less valuable because it was unostentatious. Amidst the European convulsions of 1848, the universal remark was that our monarchy, among the rest, would have been in peril if George IV. had been upon the throne. It may not, perhaps, be literally true that even a George IV. could have overturned institutions essentially popular, and based on a state of society essentially sound; but certainly the perfect security and almost undisturbed tranquillity with which England passed through that crisis was due in great measure to the loyal affection with which even the least conservative portion of the people regarded a virtuous Court. And the virtue of the Court must be attributed in great measure to the excellent influence of a Prince who had been raised to a position of the greatest and most besetting temptation, as well as of the most important trust, before he had reached the age of twenty-one. Those who remember what the highest society of England was at the commencement of the present reign, and who can recall the Royal scandals which disgraced the preceding period, feel most deeply the happy change that has ensued. Divested, by the development of the Constitution, of most of its direct political power, the Crown has retained immense social influence for good or evil. That this influence has been exercised, during the last twenty years, purely for good, is the high eulogy of the Prince who has just descended to the grave. Nor was the effect confined to the English people. The moral example of our Royal Family was felt in other Courts and other nations; and the outburst of affection with which the Prince of Wales was greeted on his visit to America was the homage of a people among whom, amidst all their errors and failings, domestic virtue has always been honoured and cherished, to the type of domestic virtue presented by the family of our Queen.

In a political point of view, the part which Prince Albert was called upon to play was not the less difficult from being one not of action but of forbearance. He was, and could not but feel himself to be, a man of great talents and great political acquirements, fitted probably to contend with success for the prizes of ambition in an equal field. Yet he found himself, amidst a nation of aspiring minds and stirring contests, alone debarred from the pleasures of exertion and from the hope of distinction, and compelled to regard it as his highest praise to remain politically unknown. Immediately on becoming an Englishman, he made it his business to study the principles of the English Constitution in the best books, and with the best living assistance; and he had the good sense to draw from his studies the true, though to a powerful and energetic mind unwelcome, inference. Jealousy and suspicion watched him closely, but his behaviour gave them nothing whereon to fix. At one time, indeed, a loud cry was raised, principally by an inferior part of the press, that the Prince Consort was unconstitutionally tampering with our diplomacy; but the ambassador whose functions were supposed to have been interfered with came forward at once with a complete denial, and the calumny was scattered to the winds. Statesmen feel that they have reason to look back upon the conduct of the Prince Consort with peculiar gratitudo. The relations of the different powers in our Constitution, though generally well understood, are not so explicitly defined that the intercourse of Parliamentary Ministers with their Sovereign is always free from embarrassment. Had Prince Albert been other than he was, that embarrassment might have been extreme. But when his conduct was called in question on the occasion to which we have already alluded, it clearly appeared that the advisers of the Crown felt his presence to be a great assistance, instead of an impediment, in the fulfilment of their delicate task. Of few Courts can it be said that they are even tolerably free from intrigue; but of the English Court, for the last twenty years, it may be said that it has been absolutely free. The "Bedchamber Plot" by which Lord Melbourne's Government were restored to a power which the nation had pronounced to be no longer theirs, took place before Prince Albert's arrival in this country; and never since that time has Constitutional Monarchy been lowered in the opinion of the nation by cabals or sinister influences.

Debarred from the sphere of political action, the Prince Consort did not sink into listless and frivolous indolence; nor did he satisfy himself with ruling the dull pomp and etiquette of a Court. He found means still to give scope to his faculties, and to keep the man from being merged in the prince. Art and science found in him their most constant and most judicious patron; and not only their patron, but their hearty friend. For a rich man to lavish money is easy; but the Prince gave to the pursuits which he sincerely loved an aid which only high self-cultivation and real effort could have enabled him to give. He detected the inferiority of taste betrayed in English manufactures with the eye of a highly-cultivated foreigner, and he set himself to remedy it with the zeal of an Englishman devoted to the honour of his country. No remedy can be more effectual than the display of the more tasteful productions of the Continent placed side by side with our own under the eye of the nation. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was the Prince Consort's work. He conceived it, and carried it out with quiet resolution in the face of great difficulties and almost universal discouragement—even the Duke of Wellington having, it is said, uttered ominous forebodings of failure and confusion. From that period may be traced that increasing and successful effort not to fall behind the manufacturers of other countries in taste, while we surpass them in energy, of which the Prince Consort must mainly reap the praise. The Kensington Museum attests the same beneficent activity, which indeed made itself felt in every department of art and in some departments of science. In the person of the Prince Consort, intellect almost for the first time took its place near the English throne, and perhaps some of the Prince's unpopularity among the vulgar great is traceable to the preference which he showed to the claims of real merit over those of grandees. The cordiality of his intercourse with those whose talents and accomplishments he valued was disclosed by the publication of Humboldt's Correspondence; and the betrayal of his confidence which that publication involved brought him much more credit than discredit in the eyes of right-minded men. His education had been as good as that of a Prince, necessarily deprived of the advantage of equal competition with other minds, can be; and in the midst of a Court he remained a student, zealously following the thoughts and discoveries of his age. To bring him forward as a candidate for the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge was not in all respects a judicious

proceeding; but those who did it, at least offered their homage, not to a mere royal personage, but to a real man of letters. Nor did the Prince fail to throw himself into those pursuits which are more especially English. His model farm at Windsor shared his attention, though not equally, with museums and schools of design. He had yet another sphere of beneficent action. George IV. called himself the first gentleman of the age. Prince Albert proved himself the first gentleman of the age, not only by affording a high example of honour and manly virtue, but by taking a leading part in all those benevolent enterprises for the relief of misery, and for improving the lot and character of the people, which are the prosaic but solid substitutes for the visionary enterprises of knight-errantry in forming the character of a gentleman at the present day. To these undertakings the Prince lent not only the ornament of a Royal name, but assistance and advice which would have been valuable if given by a private man. As a speaker at meetings of this kind, he had the opportunity of showing that he could clothe thoughts of real weight in well-chosen words, and that, had destiny suffered him to be a statesman, his eloquence would not have been wanting to the part.

One duty, indeed, there was, intimately concerned with the political welfare of the State, which the Prince Consort was called upon to perform, and which he performed in a most exemplary manner. Though the other functions of royalty belonged to the Queen, it fell to him to preside over the education of the royal children, and especially of the heir to the throne. This he did, it may be truly said, with the solicitude of a father added to the solicitude of a prince. Nor have his anxious labours proved vain; for, so far as his children have come before the public, they have won golden opinions in all quarters. The Prince of Wales especially has hitherto fully answered to the wishes of the nation; and it may well be hoped that his character, which rose to the exigencies of a difficult part in his visit to America, will also rise to the level of the new duties to which he is now called. He is young; and his age alone may well plead for a lenient judgment on his conduct in this emergency. Nor, wisely as his education has been carried on, is it possible that he can have received the training which other young men receive from the society and emulation of their equals. In this respect he is at a disadvantage compared with his father, who, though brought up as a member of a Royal family, was brought up in a comparatively humble station, and without the dangerous prospect of a throne. His situation, required as he is to act under grave responsibility and with all eyes upon him, is one which calls for sympathy as much as for exhortation. On the other hand, he has the strongest motives to pursue the path of duty; while the father he has just lost presents to him at once the highest example of an honourable life, and the surest pledge of its great reward. He may see that if it is hard amidst the temptations of a Court to tread the steep and narrow path, perseverance leads to the highest of earthly prizes—an unbounded measure of affection, and the only royalty which is not uncrowned by death.

LECTURES.

THE Popular Lecture seems to have fairly become one of the institutions of the country. That so it should be is certainly a rather singular thing, if we think for a moment that the development of lectures has been exactly simultaneous with the development of books and newspapers. The book and the living instructor are in no way really rivals. If each does his own work, each will lead to and help the other much more than it will interfere with the other. This holds good from the highest professorial teaching in a university or a capital, down to the humblest attempt at a lecture in a village school-room. Both alike, and the ten thousand intermediate stages between them, all bear witness to the truth that neither can books supersede living teachers, nor living teachers supersede books. Even the at-first-sight unaccountable love of hearing sermons, though mixed up with many other considerations, is essentially an application of the same feeling to another sort of matter. The religious sermon and the secular lecture are in truth capable of exactly the same sort of abuses. Each sometimes comes to be looked upon as possessing a sort of mystic or sacramental efficacy—in the one case to make people good, and in the other to make them learned. Each has caused the existence of a class of mountebanks and impostors, who, in truth, often succeed best by running the two into one, or by practising both gifts at once. Each has caused the utterance of a prodigious amount of nonsense which otherwise the world might have been spared. Of both sermons and lectures we have infinitely more than we want. Or perhaps, in the case of sermons, we want a positive diminution of the quantity; while, in the case of lectures,

which do not come quite so often, what we want is rather an improvement in quality, and, in most places, something like order and method in their arrangement.

We assume, then, that Popular Lectures must be, and that the question is not whether there shall be, or not be, such things, but whether the lectures shall be good ones or bad. Lectures do not succeed everywhere, but they are at least attempted everywhere; there is hardly a town in which there is not some society or other which undertakes to provide food for its members during the winter months. Certainly they are well attended in some places, and ill attended in others; and without knowledge of local circumstances, it is by no means always easy to account for the ratio of attendance in different places. It may arise from differences in the rules of different local institutions; it may be affected by the number of rival contemporary attractions which different places afford; certain it is that in some places the whole population seems to troop eagerly to the lecture-room, while in others the system appears to retain a mere artificial life, and the lecturer has to talk pretty nearly to empty benches. Whether it is anywhere desirable to give up an attempt which seems to have no success, we must leave to the wiser heads of each particular place to settle for themselves. For our purpose it is enough that the lecture is everywhere attempted, and that, as it is attempted, it is desirable that it should be done well rather than ill.

The two main faults of the system of lecturing are, first, that the lectures are very often not good in themselves; secondly, that while each lecture taken by itself may be good, the course may be desultory and unconnected. These two faults affect nearly every lecturing institution we know of, and they apply equally whether the lecturers are paid or unpaid. A few of the greatest institutions in the greatest towns—such, for instance, as the Philosophical Institution at Edinburgh—provide really connected courses of lectures by competent persons. But in the smaller societies each lecture commonly stands by itself—each lecturer choosing his own subject according to his own fancy, without any reference to those before him or after him. The lecturer then either attempts to deal in a single lecture with a subject which ought to occupy several, or else he takes some part of a subject which ought to be followed up by others, and which, taken by itself, is lame and imperfect. A lecture by itself can at best give only a very superficial knowledge of anything. It is really most useful when it acts either as an illustration of past reading, or as a guide to future reading; but it is clear that in either of these cases the lecture becomes a far more superficial thing than it need be. Very little good can come of the usual mixture of scientific, historical, and literary lectures, pretty much as chance dictates. The utmost that a single lecture can generally do is, to set people thinking upon the subject. It can give only a very broad outline, and even that broad outline is very seldom really understood. How little an audience generally takes in of a lecture may be seen by the reports which the local papers give whenever the lecturer does not act as his own reporter. The reporter even of a small country paper may be supposed to be superior, if not in real knowledge, at least in mere quickness, to the average of those around him; and it is clearly more conspicuously his business to attend than that of anybody else. But no one, we should think, ever lectured at one of the common institutions without seeing the most absurd burlesque of his discourse in the next week's local paper. He is lucky if nothing worse than unmeaning nonsense is gathered upon him. He is perhaps, as often as not, represented as saying the exact opposite of what he did say—very often as supporting the very errors which he has done his best to root up. Perhaps he declines to give any opinion as to the antiquity of mankind, and is forthwith gazetted as fixing it at ten thousand years. We do not blame the reporters, who doubtless do their work as well as they can. A skilful chemist who was merely a chemist could not accurately report a lecture on philology, nor could the most acute philologist who is ignorant of chemistry accurately report a chemical lecture. Still less can a country reporter, who cannot be expected to be accurately versed in anything, accurately report lectures on all subjects indiscriminately. He cannot report, because he does not understand; but if the reporter does not understand, probably the mass of the audience understands still less.

It is evident that in a course of lectures the case is different. If the lecturer be really fit for his work, he has time to give outlines and to fill them up, to explain technical terms, and to give those summaries and recapitulations which are most necessary for a comparatively uninstructed audience. The hearers have time to get interested in the subject, and in some degree to follow it up; while on the desultory system, as soon as one subject is put into their heads by one lecturer, it is immediately put out again by the next, who talks about something quite different. There is no time to digest everything. People carry off some scraps, some half-understood formulæ, of several subjects, without mastering even the barest general outline of any one. The utmost good that such lecturing can do is to open people's eyes to the fact that there are such and such things to be known. Too often, unluckily, it also deludes people into the belief that they themselves already know them.

The practical difficulty is that it is very hard for a country Lecture Society to obtain anything like a regular course upon any subject. Lecturers are of two kinds—paid and unpaid. There are men with whom lecturing is a profession, just as much as

acting, singing, or rope-dancing. It is not a profession which we much admire, but it exists, it is an honest way of getting a livelihood, and there is no reason why a professional lecturer may not lecture well and usefully. The professional lecturer commonly has a set of precomposed lectures, mostly of a general or amusing character, any of which he is ready to deliver anywhere on the receipt of his fee. His temptation is to produce such lectures as will lead to the greatest number of lecturing engagements, and so to the greatest number of fees. This is, of course, no more than the usual temptation of all professional men. It is the temptation of the architect who spoils a design to suit an ignorant employer—the temptation of the preacher who lives by pew-rents to preach such sermons as will soonest fill his pews. Still, when we remember this temptation, when we add that the professional lecturer is seldom a man of high education, seldom one who has concentrated his powers upon any one particular study, it almost necessarily follows that the professional lecture is not often likely to communicate really sound instruction on any subject. It is often clever, shrewd, and humorous; but the oft-repeated lecture, gone through yet once again as a matter of business, can have but little of real freshness or life. It must be very poor means of learning anything; such lectures must always be superficial and desultory, and it is almost impossible to arrange lectures of this kind into anything like regular system.

The unpaid lecturer, on the other hand, is a volunteer. He is a man who is supposed to know something of a subject, or at any rate to be able to say something about it, and who is willing to hold forth for no reward except the pleasure of profiting his fellow-creatures. He receives no fee; only, if he comes from a distance, his expenses are often paid. Lectures of this sort are naturally of very different kinds. The squire or the clergyman often has a taste for lecturing; he often thinks it a duty to lecture whether he has a taste or not; he often has friends, far or near, who are willing to take a turn, either to please him or because they really like it. Ever and anon, especially in the larger places, some greater fish is hooked, and some really famous man condescends to an evening's performance for the benefit of his admiring neighbours. Among all these various elements, there are naturally good, bad, and indifferent; but all of them have some points of marked advantage over the professional lecturers. An amateur lecture will often want the mere fluency and confidence of a professional one; but it will gain in freshness and reality. It will commonly, whether in itself good or bad, be the lecturer's best effort, and it will be an effort made specially for the benefit of that particular audience. The speaker will in most cases be, if not a man of any profound learning, at any rate a man of good education and position. He is often a man whom his hearers personally know and respect; or, if a stranger, he is one whom they are disposed to respect either from his general reputation or on the credit of those who introduce him. His lecture is a labour of love for which the audience has to thank him, not a matter of business for which they have to pay him. Altogether, there are here several elements of good which are wanting in the common system of professional lecturing. It is evidently far more easy to put together something like a systematic course, whether by one man giving several consecutive lectures, or by several men concerting to take different branches of the same subject in their natural order. We suspect that in most places it would not be found difficult to arrange something of this kind. Among the clergy and gentry of any neighbourhood there are sure to be some who are competent to take a part themselves, and still more who have friends scattered about who would be able and willing to help them.

When we speak of professional lecturers, we, of course, do not mean to include under that head all who in any case receive payment for their services. An institution in London, or even in Edinburgh, can afford to secure a really distinguished man to give a consecutive course on a definite subject. An application for such a course confers honour on both parties, but it implies an expenditure of time, labour, and indeed often of actual money, which has as fair a claim to be paid for as anything else. A lecturer of this kind suffers no more disapprovement by being paid for his services than a reviewer or an examiner suffers by being paid for his. But such a man has nothing whatever in common with the ordinary professional lecturer, who goes and holds forth to any set of people who will pay him his fee. We in no way blame the professional lecturer; his calling is perfectly honest and respectable; but it is essentially a trade, and is exposed to all the disadvantages of a trade. The volunteer, who does not live by lecturing, even though under particular circumstances he may be paid for lecturing, occupies an essentially higher position.

The sort of people who attend lectures of course differ infinitely. In such cases as those which we have last mentioned, the lecturer is sure of an audience of which a large part will be persons of really educated minds, who are fully able to understand and appreciate the special information which he may have to give them. In very small places, on the other hand, the audience will largely consist of people who know nothing, but who are willing to learn something, whose minds are an ingenuous piece of blank paper, on which the lecturer may write what he pleases. Either of these classes, if a man be up to his work, it is easy to address. Each has its own opposite mode of treatment, but there is no difficulty as to the way of treatment to be chosen. With either the educated or the uneducated, one's course is plain. But the half-educated are

far more difficult subjects to deal with. Every large town has some, every idle large town has many, persons who fancy that they know some subjects, or all subjects, on the strength of a smattering picked up either from the exploded books or talk of a past generation, or from some misunderstood and misapplied scraps of recent discoveries. How is a lecturer to talk to such men? He cannot, with truth, presuppose knowledge, as in the one case—he cannot, without offence, presuppose ignorance, as in the other. If he gives the latest results of his own thought or his own reading, he is, in the minds of his half-learned hearers, convicted of error or ignorance in differing from the lights by which they have walked contentedly for half a century past. This is conspicuously shown in those societies—of which there are some—which have an odd habit of discussing the lecture after it is over. The lecturer gives, perhaps, the result of years of thought and study on his own particular subject. The local oracle, equally well versed in all subjects, is ready for a tilt alike with philologer, historian, or geologist. With perfect ease, and much to his own satisfaction, he disposes of the lecturer's misconceptions, and presents to him, as novel pieces of information, all the exploded blunders which he had not thought worth the trouble of refuting. In an eloquent harangue, garnished with a few false quantities, he shows how far greater Persia was than Greece, and China than Persia. When the lecturer praises the moderation of the early political struggles of Rome, he corrects him by the reminder that much blood was shed in the massacres of Marius and Sylla. Here is, indeed, a problem. A man may instruct the confessedly ignorant from a recognised point of superiority; he may dispute on equal terms with his equals in intellect and knowledge. But what is to be done with men who, knowing nothing, think they know everything, and who aspire to teach those whom nature meant to teach them? It must be granted that a lecturer who has to be judged by such hearers, and to be finally reported by chroniclers of the same order, is called on to go through a species of martyrdom which nothing can fully reward, save the approbation of his own conscience.

THE BRITISH BUTLER.

IT is thought a good plan to comfort the poorer classes under their trials by darkly alluding to the secret troubles of the rich. "Be content with your lot. All is not gold that glitters. Little can you imagine the sorrows that gnaw the heart of your wealthy neighbour!" We are not sure whether these solemn exhortations impart entire satisfaction to the man pinched by want or hard-up for his rent. We think them somewhat vague. To impress the mind of a simple, uneducated man, you must descend from generalities to particulars. Let us do so, and take into consideration one of the trials peculiar to the wealthy. Many will wince when we allude to it. We mean the domestic institution termed the British Butler.

We qualify the word by "British," because there may be foreign institutions of a similar kind, though with a different designation. The institution we refer to is essentially British. The British butler is a thing *per se*. Confidential domestics, *sommeliers*, *chefs de ménage*, or what not, are doubtless to be found in the establishments of the wealthy abroad. But, as a rule, their faults and infirmities are not those of the British butler. His characteristics are radically different. Be it our part to delineate them. And first—to begin at the beginning—do you want a butler? If so, nothing appears more easy than to procure one. Insert a modest advertisement in the *Times* or *Post*, and wait the result. Within a few hours of its publication, your front door will be pervaded by a succession of individuals of unpleasant aspect and dilapidated exterior. These are candidates for the situation of butler in your establishment. The prevailing type hovers betwixt the elderly man-milliner and the disreputable dissenting preacher. But, with few exceptions, one characteristic is legibly written on the countenance of each candidate—a chronic partiality for some form or other of alcoholic drink. We write cautiously, for we wish to be accurate, and we repeat, "some form or other of alcoholic drink." For example:—Number one reveals to your inquiring gaze the sodden and blotched countenance indicative of an undue indulgence in malt liquor. Number two betrays by the permanent blush diffused over his nose a discriminating attachment to "old crusted port." Again, the pallid complexion and trembling hand of Number three proclaim an habitual weakness for ardent spirits. The tale is silently but plainly told; and he that runs may read. Place the candidates in a row, and you can classify them with ease. The particular propensity of each is as clearly denoted by the labels round the decanters on your table. The group would form a capital "gallery of illustration" to exhibit the unloveliness of inebriety. We recommend it as an instructive entertainment for the ingenuous youth of England at Christmastime. A teetotal showman, or, to speak in more refined language, custodian, would, of course, be in attendance to show off the points of the different figures, and duly "improve" the occasion.

But if an advertisement is generally a failure, what are we to do? Shall we consult a friend or neighbour? We all of us know somebody who professes to be a safe guide in such matters; somebody who has a leash of "treasures" always in hand, and can suit you with a ready-made article at the shortest notice—perfectly-qualified domestic of spotless morals and unexceptionable physique. The misfortune is, that a so-called "treasure" knows his own value, and treats you accordingly. The other

day, a lady of rank, living in a country-house twelve miles from anything like a town, penned a letter to a "professed cook," an undeniable treasure, offering a situation in her establishment. The "treasure" replied in firm but courteous language. It was contrary to her custom to engage with a lady without first seeing her. Her address was 5, Nag-lane, Muddle Hampton (three pair back). She would be at home on such a day if the lady liked to call.

But to return to butlers. Beguiled by the warm recommendations of a personal friend, a certain country squire, of moderate wealth, opened negotiations with an individual of the class who was out "for a job" at a Castle in the North. The squire gave a short sketch of his establishment, and named the terms—50*l.* a year and "et ceteras." In due course, the following despatch arrived from the Castle in the North. It was headed with a miniature representation of the Castle, picked out in sky-blue. The squire spread the important missive before him, and read with bated breath as follows:—

William White has received Mr. Heavyclay's letter wishing to engage him as butler, but is sorry he cannot enter into any arrangement with Mr. Heavyclay, as W. W. wishes to enter a family where there are two or three footmen as well as a butler.

The squire was, for the moment, crushed, but one crumb of comfort emerged amidst blighted hopes and shipwrecked expectations. The august individual designated by the initials W. W. was decidedly at fault in his spelling.

It is a mistake to suppose, however, that the "master minds" amongst the butler class are invariably arrogant and overbearing. Nor is it such who best succeed in profoundly impressing the feelings of those whom they condescend to serve. The butler who most effectually subdues you is such a man as that wonderful creation of Mr. Dickens—Mr. Littimer, he who made Mr. David Copperfield so painfully conscious of his extreme youth. There are many Littimers, differing no doubt from one another by delicate shades of character, but agreeing in this—that somehow or other, you do not exactly know why, they make you feel rather small than otherwise. Not long since, at a mediæval mansion, with frowning battlements, whose martial character was slightly softened by the large hospitable plate-glass windows expanding beneath them, we met a British butler of this stamp. He was quiet, gentlemanly, unobtrusive, with a little of the interesting air of the invalid about him. Why did that man infuse gentle awe into our inmost being? Why did we invariably feel on our good behaviour when he entered the room? In Canning's *Rovers*, Casimere informs Beefington, in strict confidence, that the waiter of the inn is "no waiter, but a *Knight Templar*." We believe the butler in that mediæval mansion is no butler, but a peer of the realm doing penance for past irregularities in the temporary disguise of a confidential servant. It is with some degree of wonder that we look back, even now, at the audacity of which we were guilty on the eve of our departure. The practice of feigning domestics is, we believe, universal. We asked ourselves the question—Ought we, can we, may we, venture to offer that highly superior man anything in the shape of sordid lucre? In other words, shall we "tip" him? It was a moment of great perplexity. Time pressed. It was necessary to act. Suddenly, as the carriage drove to the door, we stretched forth the hand to that *distingué* individual—who was standing with calm condescension ready to let down the steps—and did the deed. There was a momentary glance of the eye and a murmur of the voice. It was not expressive of gratitude, but rather of quiet pity, tolerating our weakness and humouring our infirmities. The fingers of that aristocratic hand at the same moment closed firmly on the coin we had ventured to present. Springing into the carriage, we sank back on the cushions, oppressed by a sense of goodness.

Another butler of the awe-inspiring class recurs to our recollection. He was the butler of a Right Reverend Prelate, and was wont to vary his domestic duties by occasionally acting as verger. It was our misfortune on one occasion to wound his feelings deeply. We were at a large Confirmation gathering at a country church, and in the hurry of the moment, and the excitement of the ceremony, we mistook that man, the Bishop's butler, acting in the solemn capacity of verger—we actually mistook him for the Bishop's chaplain! The look of offended majesty with which he regarded us will not readily be forgotten. Of course we apologised humbly—it was exceedingly wrong—we trusted never to make such a blunder again. The Bishop's butler was very kind—he did not at once condone the offence—that might have led to presumption on our part. But he gradually came round, and, considering the wide difference in our respective social positions, we are now on very excellent terms. In common, however, with our friend W. W., butlers of the highest breeding and most imposing manners labour under one inconvenience. They are usually exceedingly ill-educated. "Sir!" once exclaimed a very respectable sample of that class—"not one guinea has ever been spent upon my education!" It was not said in a deprecating, nor in an explanatory tone; on the contrary, it implied a feeling of modest pride in his intellectual qualities and literary attainments. Our inward reply was simply, "So I should have thought!"

One butler of our acquaintance possessed a peculiar mental gift—a faculty for making comic blunders which caused infinite amusement to the family circle. Had he been clearly aware of it, he might have claimed higher wages with at least as much

reason as another of his class who expected "something extra" on account of attending family prayers. Two instances we will give. The first was this. The butler was requested to leave a small picture of "the Madonna" at a friend's house. He returned, and informed his master that the gentleman was much obliged for the picture of "the Dolly." The late Mr. Henry Drummond would have taken that man to his heart of hearts. The other instance was as follows:—A foreign letter with "via Hamburg" written in the corner was handed to him to be posted. He received it courteously, read the direction gravely, departed promptly, and returned with the information that he had duly posted the "Van Amberg" letter. The arch expression of his countenance as he spoke plainly showed that he was well acquainted with the celebrated lion-tamer, and trusted that our negotiation with him would prove eminently successful. It was a pity to part with so valuable a man, but it could not be helped. He evinced, amongst other defects, an imperfect sense of his obligations in respect of punctually providing hot water for shaving, and notice to quit was reluctantly given. The man received the blow with fortitude, and left the room in silence. But that night remarkable sounds issued from the butler's sleeping apartment. He was delivering an oration, full of bitter invective, addressed to an imaginary master, and clinched each sentence by flinging at the imaginary master's head blacking brushes, stray boots, and other missiles that lay convenient to his hand.

In referring to the ugly swarm of butlers out of place attracted to your threshold by a newspaper advertisement, we by no means wish to imply that a respectable, efficient butler is not to be had. Such a man is not often to be had, but he is not an impossibility. All we can say is, you must wait some time till you find him; but when found, be sure to keep him. Nobody is perfect in this life, and the master who parts with a butler because he wears creaking shoes, or drops his h's, or does not answer the library-bell with the rapidity of an electric telegraph, deserves no better fate than to be under the yoke of a W. W. for the remainder of his days. Of really good butlers, we remember more especially two. One was almost stone deaf; and amongst his many virtues that of not divulging family secrets was naturally the most conspicuous. The merits of the other may be summed up in one word—he was a teetotaller.

On the whole, then, Butlerdom is a serious obstacle to the felicity of a wealthy establishment. Teetotal butlers are, somehow or other, not plentiful; and you have too often to choose between a butler who punctiliously shares with his master every bottle he uncorks, or one who, on the strength of not doing so, thinks himself privileged to make himself ingeniously disagreeable to the entire household. We have heard it suggested that, as a remedy for the evil, you would do well to have no butler at all; or, in other words, make one of your footmen a butler. It seems merely a change of names; but the essence of the idea consists in this—catch your butler young, and admit him to your confidence before he has contracted all the conventional tricks and dodges so deeply engrained in the constitution of the old stager. We throw this out for what it is worth, and not as an infallible recipe for mending the manners and morals of Butlerdom. We incline rather to the opinion that Butlerdom is an evil that must be endured—a special trial for the wealthy—a sort of wholesome irritant for the self-indulgent—a moral neuralgia for indolent lovers of luxury—an indispensable plague, from which the humbler classes should feel grateful to be exempt. Truly, property has its drawbacks as well as its rights and duties.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

MMR. BOUCICAULT has very prudently yielded to the wishes of the public and allowed his *Octoroon* to escape from the fangs of her pursuers, and fly with her lover to a land where an eighth part of black blood is not an insuperable bar to marriage. As he puts it with some smartness, a fifth act is now offered which has been composed by the public and edited by the author. The playwright has not made the end of his play, but has had it made for him. This is, he confesses, a very small sacrifice. The end of play-writing is to succeed—to draw a full house and to have a run of three hundred nights. If the treasury is full, what can it signify that an actress should marry her lover in the play, instead of exhibiting an artistic suicide? But Mr. Boucicault still insists that, in point of art, he is quite right and the public quite wrong. He was, he owned, fairly puzzled to divine how it could happen that the public wished the girl to live. They must know that marriage was impossible for a slave, and therefore, if they wished her to escape, it was because they had grown indifferent to the feelings, and the happiness and purity of black women. The good old days when *Uncle Tom* made all England cry for pity and shout for the downfall of the accursed bondage of the black, had gone by. A fearful change had passed over the national mind; and now England, the home of the free and the friend of the slave, was as callous to the sufferings of the negro, and as indifferent to his rights, as Legree himself. Everything is to be pardoned to an author who thinks that the offspring of his genius is slighted and misunderstood. We need do no more than smile at this curiously elaborate theory to account for a most simple fact. The audience wished for a happy ending, but they never troubled themselves for a moment about

the rights and wrongs of slavery. Their objection was really one of art, and, in spite of Mr. Boucicault, we think that they were right and he was wrong. A play like the *Octoroon* ought, we believe, to have a happy ending. It was much too slight a piece to bear the burden of an awful death at the end, and to wind up under a cloud of general calamity. It is not a play that appeals to deep feelings, or that is calculated to awaken the emotions of highly-wrought pity and tenderness. There is nothing tragic about it. It is a mere succession of well-contrived situations. First comes one scene of pretty or fanciful landscape, and a group of Americans of all shades of colour and villainy; and then comes another scene. The eye is pleased, and the senses gently excited. But all is on the surface. We are never stirred in our innermost feelings by what we see; and as long as imaginary events touch us thus on the outside only, we look naturally for a happy ending. We claim as a kind of right that we shall not be plunged suddenly and wantonly into the region of pain. We have been asked to dance and to hear the pipe, and we cannot endure to be suddenly invited to weep to the sound of the muffled drum.

What is true of plays is equally true of books, and art demands that slight tales and works of mere adventure should always end happily. Art, in some respects, follows nature, and in others diverges from it. In real life it is quite true that even trifling people, and those who only amuse us, or who awaken a feeble and transitory interest in us, come into misfortune, and have to bear the burdens of mortality. Adventurers, and men of daring, and persons whose lot is cast in troubled times, often find an early grave, or are wounded and disabled for life, or are soured and cowed by adversity. If the business of art was merely to represent real life, it would be quite as true to have a bad ending to superficial tales or romances of enterprise as a good ending. But art is not the mere mirror of the outer world. It takes a section of life which it presents to the mind for a particular purpose. Nor is this section one that is taken in the block from the mass of facts. It is made up of the best bits of many other sections. In order to make an imaginary narrative interesting, it is necessary to crowd together many more adventures than could happen so continuously and quickly in real life. In order to make conversations dramatic, it is necessary to make the speakers in works of fiction talk with far more uninterrupted wit or characteristic expression, and to reveal character much more rapidly, than real speakers ever do. No one can imagine that a real Falstaff ever said so many good things in so few minutes as Shakespeare's Falstaff did, or that the clodhoppers at a real publichouse ever had such an evening as that enjoyed by their imaginary representatives in *Silas Marner*. In each detail art must be ruled by nature. We must feel that the supposed thing could have happened, or the supposed speech could have been spoken, in order to yield that temporary assent to his creation which is the groundwork of the artist's success. But we are well aware all the time that we are in the region of art, and not of nature. The only question, therefore, which the artist has to decide when he comes to wind up his performance is this—what is the ending which the mind naturally expects and desires after certain scenes and characters have been submitted to it? Now an overwhelming experience dictates the answer that when the scenes and characters have been of a superficial kind—when we have had our attention occupied, and have been fed with plenty of amusement, and have been stirred with the mere interest of description or plot—the ending shall be a happy one. The reason is, because there is a congruity between prosperity and superficial feeling. We all wish well in a general and languid way to people who have pleased us, and with whom we are slightly acquainted. We do not presume to lift the veil which hides their deeper feelings and secret sorrows and trials, and cannot pretend to decide whether there would be a congruity between that which is unknown to us and a possible calamity. We know that a novelist can arrange the events of his book as he pleases, and we therefore expect that he will keep us in the same frame of mind at the end which he has formed during the process of his story. Mr. Thackeray, in the novel which he is now publishing, so clearly sees that the novelist must end his story as the readers expect, that he openly tells them that this is so. He announces at the outset that his despairing and divided lovers are of course married happily long ago. Readers will judge differently whether the effect of this is pleasing or not. Undoubtedly the assumption involved in it is true, and we feel all along that we have a right that Philip and Charlotte shall come together in the end. But art is scarcely possible if the requirements of art are constantly laid bare, and the artist obtrudes on our notice the restrictions under which he is working. Art is in some respects a mere matter of experience. It may be strange and inconsistent that the mind should require a happy ending, and yet should wish to be left in doubt about it; but if it is the fact, artists must bow to fact. Considered in the abstract, it is certainly odd that we should feel anxiety about the happiness of a pair of lovers who we know never existed, and who must be made happy by the operation of the legitimate rules of romance. But we do feel this anxiety, and it is because we are capable of feeling it that fiction is possible, and our interest in fiction is awakened. It takes the edge off our interest to be told at the outset that this anxiety is needless, and it chills and annoys us if, at the end, our expectations are disappointed by a sudden and incongruous calamity.

Tragedy is quite different. There the whole cast of the play is in the region of the grand, the terrible, and the noble. We have our deepest feelings touched. The fate of man in its most awful shapes is the spectacle that is exhibited to us. We are from the outset warned that we must look at the world and its kingdoms through the pure and cutting air of a mountain height. Here adversity is congruous. We do not care about the tranquillity of commonplace happiness in the midst of the greatest trials that befall humanity. We look rather to see the battle of the mind against an evil destiny. We expect that the imaginary characters will succumb to defeat and death, but we are anxious to see the full force of an unconquered courage surviving. No one feels sorry that Cordelia is killed, or that Othello stabs himself, or that Agamemnon is murdered in his bath. Death seems a small thing when the highest feelings of the heart are touched. It is the natural lot of creatures so frail as man, under overpowering calamity. It is the only boundary and terminus of suffering that is worthy of great sufferers. Therefore, as nations grow more critical, it is only a very few tragedies that content them. They are only to be really affected by works of the highest genius. Hamlet, Othello, and Lear stir us in such a way as to leave other tragedies almost impotent to affect us at all. It would be scarcely too much to say that Shakespeare has made all other English tragedy impossible, unless, indeed, a dramatic poet arises in a line of tragedy wholly distinct from his. But all tragedy rests for its effect on the same thing. It must at once take the spectator out of the range of ordinary life, and of the everyday contests of man with circumstances; and it must from the outset inspire the feeling that something great and terrible is at issue. A happy ending would then be absurd, and we neither expect nor wish for it. Still, the mere ending itself, the death and final exit of the sufferer or central character, had better be despatched as quickly as possible. The ending is in fact entirely subservient to the events that caused it, and in great tragedians our thoughts are mostly turned away from the death itself to the circumstances which cause the death, and the traits of character these circumstances elicit. In the Greek drama this is always so, and, rather than exhibit the spectacle of death, the tragedians have recourse to the cumbersome machinery of a messenger, who comes on the stage expressly to announce and describe what the spectators are not permitted to see. The modern drama copies real life more exactly, and the people who have to die do so openly, but in most instances quickly and quietly.

It is possible, however, to get an interest out of an unhappy ending which is entirely derived from the ending itself. It is possible to concentrate the attention of the audience on the fact of death, to protract the agony, and to imitate all the stages of decay. There is no doubt that modern spectators who are indifferent to tragedy and weary of the happy endings of comedy, can be attracted by the exhibition of dying agony, when it is skilfully enhanced by the circumstances in which the sufferer is placed, and is protracted by the accumulation of successive minute details of pain. This was the feeling to which Mr. Boucicault appealed in the original ending of the *Octoroon*. A young woman in white muslin in an old handsome hall takes poison, and dies very slowly in sight of her lover and her dearest friends. Every precaution was adopted to heighten the effect. There was the sorrow for the death of one whose dress proclaimed her youth and innocence; there was the aggravation of misery in the presence of her lover who saw her fading before his eyes; and there was the contrast between the certain grasp of death and the impotence of ancestral wealth. Under such circumstances the young lady showed how an actress could die. Every symptom of ebbing life, every access of torture was carefully simulated; and the spectators were fascinated by the counterfeit of pretended misery and pain. Judged by the test of a successful appeal to the attention and interest of the spectators, such elaborate representations of death are quite consistent with art. It is, we must acknowledge, the business of art to select such situations from real life as exercise a powerful attraction on all who see or hear of them. But art, unless it wishes to do as much harm as good, or even more harm than good, is bound to consider the moral effect of its representation; and we think that the moral effect of such exhibitions of death is bad. They are very painful—much more painful to those who have lately stood by a real deathbed than anything ought to be that is placed on the stage. And this pain is attended by no higher feeling than curiosity and a sense of something ghastly and horrible. The sight of pain, without any appeal to our generosity and tenderness, and faith in the higher and nobler qualities of man, and without our being called on to do anything to alleviate it, is very injurious to us. It vulgarizes what should be sacred and solemn. The most demoralizing piece ever played on an English stage was, unquestionably, the *Traviata*, and this was not only because it threw an air of glory over a fallen woman, but, even more, because it traded on the misery which accompanies the sinking of a beloved sufferer under consumption. We do not for a moment compare the *Octoroon* to the *Traviata*; but the ending was, we think, infected with something of the same taint of a useless and indecorous exhibition of dying pain; and we are glad that the public has composed a new act, not only because so slight a piece requires a happy end-

ing, but because the happy ending has relieved us from a spectacle which was painful without having any tragic grandeur to redeem the pain.

KILLING NO MURDER.

WE have been unfortunate enough to incur the wrath of Mr. Thomas Hughes. Our offence has been that we have accused the Trades Unions of Sheffield of encouraging the assassination of workmen who resist their decrees. For this statement, which we made with hesitation, fearing that our readers might look upon it as too stale a truism, Mr. Hughes is good enough to tell us that we are "publishing anonymously a gross and wicked libel, knowing it to be such;" and he traces our transgression at some length to the habit of "spicy" writing which anonymous journalism encourages. We confess that from Mr. Hughes' pen this doctrine has filled us with alarm. He considers that writing anonymously encourages "spiciness" of style, while the practice of signing articles "keeps it within bounds." As he himself signs the letter in question, we must presume that when he accuses an opponent of "publishing gross and wicked libels, knowing them to be such," the spiciness has, in his own opinion, been taken out of him, and he is writing tamely and within bounds. If this is his tame style, we wonder what his spicy style is like. It is a happy thing for the world in general, and his antagonists in particular, that Mr. Hughes muffles his own thunder. When he does write anonymously, as he tells us he occasionally does, and consequently gives the rein to that vocabulary which we only know in its meeker and more subdued condition, the result must be worthy of the Transatlantic models of whose cause he is such a zealous advocate.

We must say a word as to the alleged gross and wicked libels. The cases in which Trades Unions have caused "knobsticks" to be shot, blinded, blown up, or otherwise inconvenienced, are so numerous that the only difficulty we find in using them is that of selection. Mr. Hughes doubts whether these cases can all be traced to the Unions. The Unions would have been singularly bad managers if they could. But people have assumed the connexion from the remarkable coincidence that the victims have always been non-Union men working in shops from which Union men had turned out. It so happens, however, that in a very recent case, in which a murder was actually committed, the connexion is established with tolerable distinctness. There had been a strike at the works of a Mr. Hoole, in Sheffield. Among the men who were hired to fill the places of those who had struck was one George Wastridge. A persecution against him immediately began. He was mobbed by the men who had turned out, and pursued on his way home from his work with abuse and threats. Some said that he deserved to be murdered—others, that if they could get hold of him, they would "do his job"—others, that he should be burnt, and would be burnt before long. Shortly after, the Secretary of the Saw-grinders' Trades Union (a Union whose name has appeared frequently in transactions of this kind) and the President of the Associated Trades at Sheffield summoned him, and the other non-Union men working at Mr. Hoole's, to a meeting at a public-house. Offers were made by these two officials to bribe the men away from their employment; but after a long negotiation, these offers seem to have come to nothing. At the last meeting on the subject, the President of the Associated Trades significantly said to them, "You must come out, whatever the consequences are." Wastridge did not come out, but continued working. The next he heard of the matter was that, early one morning, about a month ago, he was awoken by a frightful explosion in his house. He himself escaped, but his wife was very seriously injured, and another woman living in the house was killed. These facts rest upon no "newspaper gossip"—they have been sworn to at a Coroner's inquest. These are the sort of crimes which Mr. Hughes comes forward to shield from public censure; this is the system which he thinks it a gross and wicked libel to denounce. Nor is it pretended that this is an isolated act. In last week's *Builder* may be found an extract from a sermon, preached by Mr. Herford, a Dissenting minister in Sheffield, to a congregation of workmen upon this transaction, in which the preacher, professing to speak from an intimate acquaintance with the workmen, designates it as "part of a system—a system of black and lawless terrorism." He goes on to say, "I have heard men sneer at meetings to sympathize with the American slaves. Tell us something about white slaves, they have said. I will tell you something about them. I tell you there is no slavery in England to compare with that which some of the Unions exercise over many of their members. It is often as unreasoning and absurd as it is relentless and cruel. I don't get my knowledge from masters, I get it from working men themselves; and you all know I speak the simple truth." But Mr. Hughes' admiration of Trades Unions will not be disconcerted by these intrusive facts. His philosophy has stomach for them all. Some time ago he eulogized strikes as being "a great human thing." Surely this defence is capable of being extended a little further. Was there not a German philosopher who remarked that adultery, after all, was only a manifestation of the *rein menschliche?* And is not assassination also "a great human thing"?

We have no intention of retorting upon Mr. Hughes his own "spicy" epithets. We have no doubt that he fully believes that the poor dear Trades Unions are maligned, and that all these

tales of murderous intimidation which come so constantly from Sheffield, or Huddersfield, or Worcester, are wicked newspaper gossip; and that we who can bring ourselves to believe that our fellow-countrymen can mean any harm when they explode quarts of gunpowder in their neighbours' houses are gross and wicked libellers. He is one of those men who, with the best intentions in the world, do a good deal more harm than many people whose intentions are very bad. If it were not for the guileless credulity of this sort of men, knaves would be very harmless people in the world. No anatomist has ever measured the extent to which the swallow of a professional philanthropist can distend itself. Some weeks ago, a lady who was at the head of one of those institutions in which board and lodging are provided for *ci-devant* "social evils" in a state of permanent penitence or temporary fatigue, was sued for libelling a respectable married man. The libel, which was of a distressing character, was based upon the testimony of one of the worst of the women who were boarded and lodged at the said benevolent institution. It appeared in evidence that, on hearing that an action was to be brought against her, the lady replied, "I don't care for an action; if a jury found him guiltless, I should still believe what the *dear girls* have stated." That phrase gives an admirable measure of the influences which make a philanthropist incapable of weighing evidence. From the highest motives, they frequently devote themselves to the improvement or reclaiming of some class or other of wrong-doers; and after having worked at them for some time, they come to feel the same sort of interest in them that a sailor does in his ship, or a gardener in his plants. They identify themselves with their little flock of sinners, become sensitive for its reputation, resent any imputation on it as a wrong done to themselves, and as they are generally more impulsive than logical, they soon argue themselves into the belief that all charges against it are necessarily lies. Proofs of the strongest character are disposed of by the simple formula—"If the jury found him guiltless, I should still believe what the *dear girls* have stated." As this loving matron of an institution looked upon her "girls," so Mr. Hughes looks upon his Unions. Evidence may accumulate year after year that the Unions in the North do enforce their decrees by perpetrating murderous outrages upon recusants, but Mr. Hughes "will still believe what the *dear turn-outs* have stated."

It has been said that if a seraph were suddenly to come down upon earth, he would be dreadfully taken in, and his loving nature would do an infinity of harm. We do not mean to say that Mr. Hughes and his school are seraphs; but their great personal excellences are no proof that they are not the authors of enormous mischief. Their virtues ought not to disarm in the slightest degree the opposition with which their maudlin philosophy has been met. They are wilful optimists, deliberately shutting their eyes to the evil that exists, giving good names to the worst deeds upon the plea of sympathy, and thinking to cure the deep maladies of humanity by looking at everything from a sentimental point of view. So long as the Trades Unions have this fearful stain on them, any one who tries to recommend them to public favour wilfully assumes a portion of their guilt. It matters not whether they are great human things or not, or whether their financial operations are occasionally beneficial, or whether their political economy is sound. These things are but feathers in the balance when weighed against the fearful atrocities with which their existence is so frequently bound up. It is possible that the Inquisition may often have suppressed immoral books; we know that slavery often produces a considerable amount of material happiness; and the practice of witch-poisoning is said to uphold civil government in Africa. So it may be that the Sawgrinders' Union in Sheffield may only commit murders *à la Pépys*, and may employ its ordinary energies upon the duties of a benefit club. But unless our whole moral code is to be inverted by the new genial and sympathetic philosophy, such benefits multiplied a thousand-fold ought not to be held to expiate a single act of assassination. There can be no soundness in a system which is so liable to distortion for purposes so frightful. When this English Ribbonism is extirpated, it will be time to inquire whether the organization that has bred and nurtured it is capable of any useful application. Till that time comes, no right-thinking man can feel or express anything but horror either towards the crimes themselves, or the system of which they are born.

FOOLISH THINGS.

THE subject of folly is a wide one. Mr. Buckle's sixteen volumes would hardly exhaust its various manifestations; what, then, can be expected in a single page? But it is also attractive. Nobody is disinclined to have his belief in the universality of folly confirmed by a new instance—every one is ready to speculate on the motive or want of motive of ridiculous human action. But the foolish things we have here set ourselves to speak of are not attractive. They furnish food for anything rather than amused supercilious analysis. Are there any of our readers who never in their own persons say or do foolish things—who are never conscious of having been deserted by their good genius? If there are, we do not write for them. It is one's own foolish things which at present engage our attention, for which we assume the sympathy of fellow-feeling, and reckon on touching an answering chord in other breasts not a few. We are not speaking now of grave errors and mistakes, but of the inadvert-

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tencies, weaknesses, and follies which haunt our subordinate, social, man-fearing conscience—which we may not know to have been perceived by any but ourselves, but which nevertheless affect us, not because they are wrong, but silly, and because they may be thought more silly by others than by ourselves—which leave a sense of self-betrayal, making us ask in bitterness—

Who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

They are the things which allow us to go to sleep at night with an undisturbed conscience, but wake us with a start hours before the dawn, and set us wondering—How could I make such a fool of myself? Where was the impulse to that vain show-off? What could have induced me to talk of such an one—to confide my private concerns to So-and-so? For it may be noted that sins of omission play but a small part in this periodical tragedy. It is not lost opportunities, but heedless ill-considered speech and action, that fret us at unseasonable hours—some thoughtless licence of the tongue, perhaps, or some passing vanity leading to misplaced confidence and weak reliance on sympathy. In the young, the fear of presumption is a fruitful yet innocent source of these stings of memory. Young people are sometimes made uneasy for days from the notion of having committed some unwarrantable familiarity, which under excitement seemed, and very likely was, perfectly natural.

We are advised to sleep upon certain designs, but it means really to wake upon them. Nothing is more curious than the revulsion a short interval makes in our whole view of things—no magic more bewildering than the transmutations which a few hours of insensibility produce—a few hours of being thrown absolutely upon ourselves. What an idea it gives us of the effect of association, of the action of man upon man! Nobody can allow himself to be real and natural in his intercourse with others, and act as he laid himself out beforehand to act, or as he wishes (we may too often say), on looking back, that he had acted. If this is true in the solemn and weighty affairs of life, it must of necessity be true in the light or less responsible contact of society where the little turns and accidents of the hour are constantly throwing us off our rules, and tempting us to ventures and experiments. All wit, all repartee, all spontaneous effervescence of thought and fancy are of the nature of experiment. All new unplanned revelations of self—all the impulses, in fact, which come of collision with other minds in moments of social excitement, whether pleasurable or irritating—are apt to leave qualms and misgivings on the sensitive and reflective temperament. Thus, especially, sins against taste fret us in the heavy yet busy excitable hour which we have fixed on for the levee of these spectres, when our thoughts, like hounds, scent out disagreeable things with a miraculous instinct, drag them to light, fly from subject to subject, however remote and disconnected, and hem us round with our own peccadilloes. Society in the cold dawn looks on us as a hard taskmaster, exacting, unrelenting, seeing everything, taking account of everything, forgetting nothing—judging by externals, and holding its judgments irreversible. For, after all, it is a cowardly time. We are not concerning ourselves now with *bond fide* penitence, but only with its shadow and imitation—a fear of what people will think, a dread of having committed ourselves, whose best alleviation lies in empty resolutions of dedicating the coming day to a general reversal or reparation of yesterday, to a laborious mending and patching, which is to leave us sadder and wiser men; along with a certain self-confidence (also the offspring of the hour) that if we can only set the past to rights—rectify, explain, recant effectually—our present experience will preserve us from all future recurrence of even the tendency and temptation to do foolish things. We own this to be cowardly. It is fortunate that we cannot mould ourselves on the model of these morbid regrets; for the influences which make us seem to ourselves so different in the rubs of domestic and social life from our solitary selves—so that we are constantly taking ourselves by surprise—are not all bad ones. They may be more unselfish than those which impel to remorse, and make us feel so sore against ourselves. There is a certain generous throwing of oneself into the breach in somerisis, whether grave or gay, which often brings us to grief. There is a certain determined devotion to the matter in hand, a resolution come what may to carry a thing through, which is better than caution, though by no means a subject for self-congratulation at five o'clock in the morning; or, indeed, so long as it lives in the memory at all. On the whole, it is better as it is. We are gainers in freedom by living in a world where it is possible to commit oneself—to go beyond intentions—to be impulsive, incautious. If everybody were as self-possessed, as much on his guard as we wish we had been in these periods of harassed meditation, society would not be a very refreshing or invigorating sphere.

This is a surer source of consolation, as far as our observation goes, than any argument from analogy that our fears delude us. If we look round on those of our friends whose prudence we can scarcely hope to equal, far less to surpass—whom we trust for manner, discretion, and judgment—there is scarcely one who does not now and then disappoint or surprise us by some departure from his usual right way of thinking and acting, by committing some moral or social solecism, just one of the things to haunt the first waking hour. We are not meaning merely *clever* people—for cleverness has a prescriptive right to do foolish things—but wise and sensible people who have a rule of action, and habitually go by it—habitually, but not always;—

and a foolish thing done or said by a wise man certainly stands out with a startling prominence and distinctness, pointing out the weak place there is in the best of us. When our wise friend, under some malignant influence, says or does something exceptionally silly, the thing assumes a sort of life from contrast. It is quoted against him, and perhaps in some quarters a permanently lower estimate of mind and character is the consequence. Do the same things that in this case strike us strike the perpetrator? Can a wise man say a foolish thing and remain for ever unconscious of it? One thing we must believe—it cannot be only a latent self-conceit in the midst of our humiliations and self-reproaches that lends us to assume them not universal. There are people so uniformly foolish, so constantly impertinent, rash, talkative, unsecret, or blundering, that if revisited by their errors, solitude would be one long penance which could not fail to tell upon their outer aspect. The fool *par excellence* is not, we gladly believe, haunted by his folly. It is when we have departed from our real character—when our instincts have failed us—when we have gone against ourselves—that we writhe under these tormenting memories.

The subject is worth dwelling upon for one reason. If, with the exception of conspicuous fools, we could realize that this class of regrets are not due to our particular idiosyncrasy, but are a common scourge of weak, vain, irritable, boasting humanity, it ought to conduct to charity in our judgments. If we could believe that the people we dislike suffer these penances, and could give them credit for waking with a twinge an hour earlier than usual, under the remembrance of impertinence, vanity, unkindness, persuaded that certain definite offences against our taste and feeling would haunt their solitary walk and make the trial of their day, we could not but learn patience and toleration. But we are apt to regard our annoyance as the penalty of an exceptionally sensitive social conscience. We and the people we care for cannot do foolishly without feeling sorry for it—without going through the expiation of a pang; but the people we dislike are insensible, coarse, obtuse, dull, and brutish. Theirs has not been a mistake, which implies a departure from their nature, but an acting up to it and according to it. They are therefore showing themselves as they are when they show themselves most unpleasant and repulsive.

Another mode of reconciling ourselves to this prompt Nemesis of minor follies is that it may possibly preserve us from greater ones. It may both imply caution, and keep our caution in practice and repair. We have already made an exception in favour of fools; but are people subject to rash impulses—impulses swaying their whole destiny and the fate of others—who find a pleasure in staking the future on some unconsidered chance, ever visited by regrets for having merely exposed themselves in no more weighty matter than some foolish breach of confidence or lapse of propriety? Are people habitually unguarded ever visited by lesser remorse? Is not this rather a conflict where habitual caution is every now and then betrayed by counter influences? Does a man who is always boasting ever remember any particular boast with a pang? Does one who is always betraying secrets, and revealing his own and other people's privacy—always talking of himself, always maudlin, always ill-natured or sarcastic—ever writhe under the recollection of his follies? It is hard to be lenient towards some people, however much it is our duty to think the best.

But whatever tenderness may be shown towards foolish things, acted or spoken, whatever beneficent purpose may be assigned to them in the social economy, our leniency ends here. Little can be said ethically, and nothing prudentially, for foolish things written—for outbreaks of our follies and tempers on paper; and yet what a fruitful source of these regrets has the pen been with some of us! And never has the sting been sharper than when we realize that our imprudence is in black and white, beyond our reach, irrevocable. The pen gives us a power of having our say out which speech seldom does. We are free from the unaccountable, almost solemn, control that man in bodily presence has over man. Fresh from some injury, we have the plea, the retort, the reproof, the flippancy, the good things in our hands without danger of interruption. We will write it while the subject is fresh and vivid, and the arguments so clear that our correspondent cannot fail of being struck, persuaded, crushed by them. In the heat of composition we foresee those cooler, cautious hours in the distance, and defy them. We have a dim notion that we are doing a foolish thing, but we will act while conviction is supreme, and we send off our letter—to repent sometimes how bitterly!

It has been cleverly said that the whole folly of this proceeding lies not in the writing, which is an excellent valve to the feelings, but in the sending; and certainly very few letters, written under immediate provocation, would be sent if the writer slept a night upon them. But the pen can do foolish things—things below the writer's standard of speech and action—without provocation. There are many people whose intellect and judgment would stand much higher in the world's estimation if they had never been taught to write. Men write letters and women write notes in total neglect of the rules which guide their conversation, and which win them sometimes an extraordinary reputation for good sense. A whole swarm of absurd impulses cluster round the pen, which leave them alone at other times. A propensity for interference and giving advice is one of these—a passion for explanations, a memory for old grievances, and a faith in the efficacy of formal, prolix, minute statements of wrong, along with querulous hints,

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unpalatable suggestions and insinuations generally—all of which are foolish because they cannot, in the nature of things, have a good issue, and flow from the ready pen in oblivion of obvious consequences, which elsewhere hold the writer in salutary check. Indeed, the pen often wakes a set of feelings which are not known to exist without it. If we must be foolish sometimes, let us then give our folly as short a term as possible. If it must leave traces behind, our memory is a better and safer archive than our enemy's, or even our friend's, writing-table. Therefore, if any warning of the fit is granted, if a man have any reason for misgivings, let him, before all things, beware of pen and ink. Things are seldom quite hopeless till they are committed to paper—a scrape is never at its worst till it has given birth to a correspondence.

MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN.

THE consecration of a Bishop for Tahiti, under the title of Bishop of Honolulu, suggests some considerations beyond and above the immediate interest of an attempt to bring a people once at least remarkable for sensuality under the influences of a high and pure morality. What has been the result of Missions of late years, especially those of the Church of England? And further, how comes it that neither under the auspices of the Latin Church, the Church of England, nor of Protestant Dissent, the same results attend the preaching of Christianity which distinguished apostolic times? Is it not the fact that the triumphs of the Gospel have been confined to its early youth, and that, with the exception of such doubtful successes as those which were gained in South America soon after the discovery of the New World, and of such an evanescent blaze of conversion as shot up for an instant in the further East under Jesuit teaching, the Christian faith has not extended its empire? The philosophic inquirer is perhaps disposed to exaggerate the fact, and to suggest that Christianity has had its place and discharged its functions in the education of the world, but that more than its past achievements is not to be expected from it. This view assigns to Mahometanism, or Mormonism, or the improved religions of Mr. Theodore Parker or M. Comte, their station, not only of historic sequence, but of courteous comprehension in a series—perhaps to be indefinitely prolonged—of dissolving views of human faith or human toleration. Speculation of a less confident tone will point to the extant divisions of Christendom as the root of its recent failures, and in a system compact as the theoretical Papacy, or in a doctrine as unelastic as that which is said, but not proved, to have been the life-spring of the Primitive Church, will seek that power which can alone convert the world. Whether we look forwards to a Christianity of the future, or backwards to Christianity of the past, it is only at the Boards of Missionary Societies that the Christianity of the present is relied upon for successes which are always beginning, but never begun. Except, perhaps, in New Zealand—where missionary work has been undertaken in a larger spirit, with the use of better instruments, and in connexion with a broader civilization, addressed at the same time to a native mind of unusual capacities—it must be admitted that the Church of England has but little to show for its outlay of men, Bibles, and preaching for the last sixty years. And yet India can offer no greater obstacles to the faith of Christ than did the old scepticism of the Athenian mind. The rudo tribes of the North, who in the morning of the Gospel bowed their fierce necks to the yoke of Christ, were as coarse as Caffirs and Zulus; and it can scarcely be doubted that the Churches which rose in Abyssinia and Arabia fourteen or fifteen centuries ago, rooted themselves amid superstitions as grovelling, and in intelligence as base, as those which are the present inheritance of Malay or Tahitian.

A curious discussion, or controversy, which is going on in South Africa suggests the questions whether the Christianity of our present missionaries is sufficiently elastic to cope with the differences of climate, race, tradition, and life with which it has under strange skies and in new difficulties to deal, and whether much of the success of early Christianity was not due to its accommodating spirit. The Bishop of Natal, Dr. Colenso, has published a remarkable pamphlet—*A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury upon the Question of the Proper Treatment of Polygamy as found already Existing in Converts from Heathenism*. (Davis: Pietermaritzburg)—which suggests a text for our own doubts and queries. The Bishop deals with a single case of difficulty; and it is one of discipline only, or at least one which only affects doctrine in an indirect way. It is whether a polygamist on embracing Christianity is bound, or is permitted, by the precepts of the Gospel, to divorce all his wives but one. And, curiously enough, it is a case which the Church does not seem to have settled. All that it is attempted on either side to prove, either for or against the permission for a polygamist to remain such after embracing Christianity, is by inference and parity of reason. Bishop Colenso is very strongly and decidedly against what seems to be the consensus of the Protestant missionaries. They say that polygamy is forbidden by the Gospel, and that consequently, on becoming a Christian, a man must take the Christian morality in its highest aspect, and become a monogamist. The Bishop fully admits that polygamy is forbidden by the Christian law, and says that no man who is a Christian can be permitted to contract a polygamic alliance; but, at the same time, he argues that polygamy does not disqualify a Zulu or Caffir from embracing the Gospel, and that the law of

nature and his duties as husband and father do not permit him rudely to sever ties contracted and duties undertaken in his days of darkness. The question, then, is not about the lawfulness of Christian polygamy, but whether, in admitting converts, some abatement is not to be made—whether Christianity is to be imported whole, and with all its sanctions and the growth of centuries of religion and morality, into those rude, wretched African kraals, or whether it is to be accommodated to days of darkness and fitted to the stumbling steps and tottering weakness of heathenism? Is South African Christianity to be in all respects the English Christianity?

Now, it is certainly an unquestionable fact that the Gospel did develop very different forms of Christianity. Judaic Christianity and Gentile Christianity, even in Apostolic times, and while the canon of the New Testament was in course of formation, presented different aspects and allowed a diversity of rite and discipline. The Christianity of the North has always been different from the Christianity of the South. The great schism between East and West was but the culmination of diverging lines of thought, speculation, and life. Even the Pope who despatched Augustine on his mission to our Anglo-Saxon forefathers allowed, in the case of the rude converts, a license in this very matter of marriage which would not have been permitted in the case of Christians of a second generation. The Bishop of Natal, we think, makes out a strong case both from analogy and the principle of the thing. It is curious that, as far as we know, the early Church has not decided the question which has arisen at the Cape. Polygamy was forbidden by the Roman law, and, therefore, the parallel case could not have arisen among the early Gentile converts. Monogamy was the settled habit of the North; and while polygamy was permitted among the Jews, the silence of the New Testament as to its prohibition under the new law is adduced as a probable argument that a polygamist would not have been excluded from Christian baptism. And the case actually ruled by St. Paul, which permitted, or rather enjoined, a Gentile convert to retain his or her heathen husband or wife, is fairly enough adduced to show that, though Christians were bound in marrying, as Christians, to restrict themselves to the Christian idea of marriage, yet heathens on becoming Christians are not required, are not even allowed, by Scripture to divest themselves of natural ties contracted before and apart from their new profession. And this is in obedience to that law of nature to which St. Paul himself on occasion appeals. Besides all which, as the Bishop points out, the question is not merely one of indulgence against self-denial. It is not whether a man should have five wives or one; but whether, his duties to each one of his wives being equal, the Gospel requires him to abandon four-fifths of them, and to consign to misery four out of five of those whom he has undertaken to love and cherish. If it were merely a man's question, and if the husband were only called upon to dispense with two or three wives, as he ought to be called upon to give up the gratification of cutting human flesh or of devouring bulls alive, there could be no doubt that he ought to accept the self-denial with the profession of the cross. But it is also a matter of the poor wife's rights. She, being a human creature, is not to be sacrificed in her affections and rights to the man's superior light. Christianity does not ask this surrender of the first of natural duties and claims. Polygamy, whatever its imperfections or its dangers, is at any rate a condition of life in which the patriarchs and the man after God's own heart lived, and won the especial favour of heaven; and though it is opposed to the Christian idea of marriage, and to the law which was given in the days of man's innocence, it may, so the Bishop argues, be permitted in the single case of a convert who has already two or more wives, though it is not to be contracted after the Christian profession.

Such is a very general sketch of Dr. Colenso's argument in its main features; for we cannot here dwell on the practical consequence of the harsh prohibitions imposed by those missionaries who require of their converts the divorce, and consequent degradation and misery, of all but one of the wives whom the polygamist is unnaturally forced to abandon. The reflections which this inquiry suggests have, however, more general bearings, and they seem to point to the question whether our extant Christianity is not too stiff and inflexible. The religion which was to deal with man under every aspect must treat man as he presents himself. If the Gospel was to be all things to all men, its discipline must be suited to man under man's various stages of moral and intellectual development. It must make allowances, accept facts, and accommodate itself to various exigencies. It requires no modification of doctrine, no sacrifice of principle, but a plastic freedom of discipline. The Christianity of the tropics and the Christianity of Hackney are of course to be the same in essentials; but, dealing with a various subject-matter, applied to new conditions of life and civilization, that which suits a settled polity, living on traditions and administering an education more than a thousand years old, must be unsuitable to those who, six months ago, knelt to a bundle of rags or a crooked stick. "Dearly beloved brethren" may be admirably suited to Islington, but the banks of the Ganges may require another exhibition of the food for the soul. As soon as there was a centralizing of Christianity, and as soon as the world was required to accept its Gospel in a cast-iron form, moulded in Rome or at Constantinople, the nations no longer flocked as nations into the Christian pale. It matters but little whether the central seat of dictation be at

the Vatican, or at Canterbury, or at Geneva, or in a London Committee, if Christianity has not a power of self-development and of adaptation to various emergencies and various wants. A native ministry and native Church would very likely develop a native discipline and native rites. But even the Thirty-nine Articles of Anglicanism only claim deference for a body of doctrine necessary to their times. The idea of a Missionary Church—a Church which was to absorb such elements as the barbarism of the caffir, the ingrained atheism of China, and the subtle intellect of Hinduism—which was to confront the ancient and majestic fabric of Buddhism and to regenerate alike the gentle Polynesian and the brutal Malay—could never have presented itself to Cranmer and Ridley. Missions and Missionary work are not to be settled by twaddling about the principles of our Glorious Reformation. The Church of England will never be a successful Missionary Church until it learns the lesson of adapting itself to other forms of family life than that of the household assessed to the poor-rate and paying the Queen's taxes. Bishop Colenso may be right or wrong in his interpretation or application of Scripture to the single case of heathen polygamy; but he will have done good service if, without intending it—and we are far from saying that this larger aspect of the matter has presented itself to his mind—he sets men thinking as to the cause of the failure of recent Christian Missions.

WAR ON THE CANADIAN LAKES.

IN the event of war with the United States, it will be necessary to make timely preparation to baffle the efforts which will certainly be made by our opponents to gain the naval command of the Canadian Lakes. It was found in the last war that the Americans were practically much nearer to this scene of hostilities than we were. They managed to make the resources of their naval arsenals available in fitting out squadrons which, in spite of all our efforts, maintained a general superiority throughout the contest. One of their favourite naval heroes, Commodore Perry, owed his celebrity to a victory which he gained over a force far weaker than his own upon Lake Erie. In those days, guns and ammunition were dragged painfully by land where the water communication between the Lakes is interrupted by falls and rapids. A cannon-ball, by the time it had reached the seat of this distant warfare, cost a shilling for each pound it weighed; and when it had arrived, the chances were that it was wasted through unskillful gunnery. The towns upon the Lakes are now connected with Quebec by railway, and there appears to be no reason why sufficient stores of all that would be necessary for a campaign should not be collected at suitable points before the season opens for hostilities. The wealth and population of Canada have increased enormously since the last war, and it ought therefore to be now far easier to maintain armaments upon these Lakes; but, at the same time, the consequences of any deficiency will be infinitely more disastrous. It must not be forgotten that our adversaries are likely to be excluded from any great display of their naval power upon the ocean, and it is certain that they will make every effort to secure a preponderance of force on the inland waters. If frigates should be compelled to lie blockaded in the Atlantic ports, their captains and crews can be sent to man the vessels which will be launched as rapidly as possible on the Lakes. If war is declared, we expect to see a sort of race in shipbuilding at every point in Canada and in the hostile States where materials and workmen can be procured. Durability of construction will be disregarded. The sole object will be to build and launch something which will float and carry guns for a single summer. We should suppose that on both sides of the Lakes the facilities which now exist for turning out this sort of work rapidly must be enormous; and we are certain that, on one side at least, there will be no slackness in employing them to the best account. The Americans must be very well aware that the field of Commodore Perry's triumph would again be open to them in the event of war with England, and they certainly would not neglect a stage upon which they would hope to play the hero upon comparatively easy terms. We believe that at this moment neither country possessed any vessels of war upon the Lakes. Both sides, therefore, would start fair, and it would be our own fault if we allowed ourselves to fall behind. It might be worthy of consideration, whether the vast mechanical skill and resources of this country would not be profitably exercised during the winter in building iron gunboats which might be sent to the scene of action in the spring in pieces easily transportable, and might there be put together and launched upon the Lakes. There would be no difficulty in obtaining an excellent model for such a gunboat, and we believe that no sort of vessel would be more valuable in a contest of this character. And if we cannot send the vessels ready made, we can at all events send the shipwrights and designs necessary for building them. The Canadians have the strongest motives for doing their part for the protection of their own homes, and we ought also to do ours to assist them. The most pressing duty is that of despatching troops in sufficient numbers to secure Canada against any invasion at the outbreak of hostilities. If there is any serious doubt whether the regiments which have already started will be able to get up the St. Lawrence before it is closed by ice, it will probably have occurred to the authorities to order to Quebec at once the two regiments stationed at Halifax, intending to supply their places by some of those which are now being sent

from hence. We should suppose that, under extreme urgency, the defence of the loyal colony of Nova Scotia might be entrusted for a fortnight to its own militia and volunteers. Perhaps the danger of Canada during the winter may be inconsiderable; but if that danger be serious, all that foresight and energy can do ought to be done for its protection. There will be no difficulty in collecting a powerful and perfectly equipped army on its frontier before the time arrives for a regular campaign. The Government appears determined to make its military preparations on a sufficient scale, and the country will approve its vigour; but, at the same time, it would be satisfactory to know that the important subject of naval co-operation upon the Lakes had not been forgotten. The duty to which we call attention is not at this moment so pressing as some others; still it cannot be too early to point out the necessity of employing in Canada a body of the best seamen under officers fertile of resource, and ready to adapt themselves to novel situations. We have shown above that vessels more or less effective can be, and ought to be, in readiness when the time of action comes. If they are but humble specimens of naval architecture, they may nevertheless be equal to anything that can be shown on the other side. And if our ships for service on the Lakes cannot at once be made all that we might desire, there is nothing whatever to prevent our manning them with the very best seamen and gunners in our navy. It must not be supposed that maritime aptitude would be thrown away upon these inland waters. That hardiness and fertility of contrivance which mark the first-rate seaman would be conspicuously displayed in equipping a squadron upon Lake Ontario. It must never be forgotten that the most important part of a fighting ship is the crew, and this is the part for which Canada may fairly look to England. We do not wish to see a repetition of one of the features of the last war—we mean the employment on the Lakes, in default of seamen, of soldiers, who, however brave, must make but an indifferent figure upon a strange element.

There would be, indeed, one method of opening a campaign upon the Lakes as soon as the news of a declaration of war should reach their shores. Those Lakes are frozen hard in winter, so that troops might, under favourable circumstances, be marched across them to attack any accessible places where ships or stores available for war might exist. The principal operations of the former war occurred on Lake Ontario. The British had their naval head-quarters on this lake at Kingston, while the Americans had theirs at Sackett's Harbour, nearly opposite. Sixty miles above Sackett's Harbour stands the town of Oswego, which has water communication by the river of the same name with New York. This was the route by which cannon and naval stores were brought by the Americans to arm and equip the very considerable squadron which Commodore Chauncey commanded on Lake Ontario. It was the middle of May, 1813, eleven months after war had been declared, before Captain Sir James Yeo arrived at Kingston with a supply of officers and seamen to serve in the vessels which had been collected at that port. The British Government made a tardy but something like a sufficient effort to put forth its naval strength upon Lake Ontario, and the consequence was that neither Commodore Chauncey nor Sir James Yeo gained any decisive success in 1813 or the following year. The British on one occasion took Oswego, and destroyed the stores lying there, and they might have made themselves masters of Sackett's Harbour but for the deplorable imbecility of the supreme command in Canada. In the latter part of the war a sort of mania for ship-building seems to have seized the combatants. The British at Kingston launched a ship of 102 guns, and the Americans at Sackett's Harbour began to build two ships of 74 guns. If peace had not been made, there is no saying where this rivalry would have terminated. We have already alluded to the victory gained by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie. The British fought on that occasion like men who knew that fighting was their only hope of deliverance from starvation. Nothing had been done upon Lake Erie at all commensurate to the preparations of the enemy, who, in consequence of his victory, held the control of Lakes Erie and Huron during the remainder of the war. Even when Sir James Yeo had shut up Commodore Chauncey in Sackett's Harbour, he could not send even the smallest vessel from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie, because the Falls of Niagara forbid all water communication between those lakes. But perhaps the want of adequate naval force was most conspicuously shown upon Lake Champlain. A British army of 11,000 men, including several regiments which had served under the Duke of Wellington in Spain, retreated from before the fortified town of Plattsburg, in consequence of the failure of the attack made by the co-operating naval force upon the American squadron which was anchored off that town. It may suffice to say, that there could have been no hope of success with such a miserable apology for a squadron as sailed under the British flag. Indeed, the attack would not have been made at all but for a promise of military co-operation which was withheld. But if there was any probability of the services of the British navy being needed on Lake Champlain, it surely would have been easy, with proper management, to contrive that that navy should be represented by an efficient force of ships and men. This disaster occurred, be it observed, in the month of September, 1814, when our navy had been relieved from the duties of the French war. It seems almost incredible that such feebleness should have been shown by the British Government at a time when it wielded such enormous military and naval strength. We may be taught

by this example that in Canada an army, however strong and well equipped, will have to choose between inactivity and disaster, unless it is supported by a navy upon the Lakes which the authorities at home will consent to regard, from the very outbreak of the war, as of equal importance with that which is employed on the Atlantic.

REVIEWS.

ALISON'S LIVES OF LORD CASTLEREAGH AND SIR C. STEWART.*

SIR A. ALISON has been so long engaged in writing history that he has become incapable of discerning the difference between it and biography. He has adopted the theory that there is no way of writing the lives of eminent historical characters except by writing in full, and in all its details, the history of the period in which they were actors. His present work is constructed, he tells us, "on a different principle from that of other biographies of eminent men, and partakes in many parts more of the character of general history than of personal narrative;" and he gives as his reason—that, while "everybody would regret a page given to contemporary events in a biography of Michael Angelo, Tasso, Newton, or Johnson," a "mere personal narrative of the lives of statesmen and warriors would convey no sort of idea either of their real character, or of the importance of their actions on the fortunes of mankind." "What," he asks, "would be the lives of Alexander, without the graphic account in Quintus Curtius of the Granicus and Arbela?" And "Caesar's Commentaries," he observes, with singular misapprehension of the character of the book, "would not have remained to this day the admiration of ages, if they had not contained full details of the Gallic and Civil wars." As, therefore, Lord Castlereagh and Sir C. Stewart played a great part in the affairs of their time, it is impossible "to present a faithful portrait of their lives except by a narrative of the public consequences of their actions." To this Sir A. Alison adds another view of the duties of a biographer. He holds it indispensable to relate these events so fully as to make it unnecessary to refer to any other works on the subject. "What future times desire in a historical or biographical work is not merely detached narratives of particular events or personal incidents, however descriptive of character, but, in addition, such a complete story as will supersede the necessity of referring for ordinary purposes to any other narrative on the subject." The result of this scheme, in Sir A. Alison's hands, is that a readable life of Lord Castlereagh still remains to be written, but that Sir A. Alison has availed himself of the opportunity to write over again his History of Europe during the great war.

As the last part of Sir A. Alison's new plan of biography is put forward by him professedly in the interest and for the convenience of readers, we may say that readers are not so unreasonable as, when they go to a book for one thing, to expect from it another. A writer is to be blamed who leaves anything unexplained that is requisite for the elucidation of what he professes to have in hand; but we do not blame him if, having undertaken to write a life, he does not add to it a complete general history in order to save us the trouble of consulting the regular books of general history. No one but Sir A. Alison would make the absurd pretension of giving to his account of one particular person, however important, such an encyclopedic character as to make all other books "for ordinary purposes" superfluous. The fault, which he notices, of attempting to make up for obscure allusions by marginal references, is not cured by the contrary fault of overloading a book with details which are out of place. Sir A. Alison perceives vaguely and expresses clumsily the connexion between the life of any man who plays a great part in his time, and the events around him. The connexion is, in fact, as real and as important in the lives of those in whose biography he absurdly says that "any one would regret a page given to contemporary events," as in the lives of statesmen and warriors. But what makes the difference between a good and a bad biographer is the skill with which, without losing himself in details which it is not his present business to narrate, he is able to present with truth, accuracy, and comprehensiveness, those external aspects of things, that course of events, that chain of causes and network of influences, which are necessary to be known in order to understand the character and actions of his subject. The fulness with which what belongs to general history is treated must depend on its bearing on what concerns the man; and it is for the biographer to judge of that proportion. But unless the man is worth studying for himself, and can occupy the foreground of the picture, he is not worth a biography. If he is, his biography ought to be, not a mere repetition of the general history in which he figured, but a series of answers to the more minute questions about him which the place filled by him in history suggests. We read of a great man in the history of his time, and we want to know more about him—what manner of man he was, how he appeared when looked at closely, what were his thoughts and characteristic aims and instruments, the influences to which he was subjected, the changes he went through. History may take up this into its province;

but biography certainly cannot be excused for leaving it out in order to supply the place of it with leaves torn out of history. But this is what Sir A. Alison deliberately defends, as the right way of composing political or military biography, and what he has done in writing these lives. If Sir A. Alison's emulation was fired by reading Thiers's late volumes to recompose his own story of the great campaigns of the wars, not even the share that Sir C. Stewart had in them was sufficient warrant for imposing them upon us under the guise of a biography.

The work, ill planned, is ill executed. In the first place, it is written in a most ill-judged tone of blind, and even adulatory panegyric. The subjects of it, doubtless, have often had hard measure, and the time is come when a just and generous appreciation of men who unquestionably did great things for their country and for Europe would be welcomed by all fair judges. But Sir A. Alison provokes hostility and dissent by the perverseness or the silliness of his praise. And, in the second place, it has all the characteristic faults of Sir A. Alison's manner of writing history. The experience of so many volumes might have taught him something of control over his materials, of the arts of arrangement and compression, and of command over a fatal flow of poor and nerveless, and often incorrect language. But he has learned nothing. He can hardly give the account of a transaction at all complicated without repeating himself, often in the most ridiculous unconsciousness of the echo which he makes of his own words. And here, as in other works, everything is sacrificed to the campaigns and battles. People will always read of battles with interest, though they have often read of the same before, and Sir A. Alison, though he can seldom write simply and clearly on military matters, throws himself into them with great enthusiasm; and to those who are not very rigorous in exacting a distinct explanation of what was done, he produces the effect, not merely of the movement and life of war, but of its unfolding plans, its checks and suspense, its great decisions and results. But there are even grander and more stirring themes in history than war; and the failure of Sir A. Alison's genius is manifest when he comes from war to the less material subjects of civil and political interest. On these great topics he rarely writes what is worth reading, unless he speaks in the words of others. In a work of which Lord Castlereagh is the chief subject, if the writer is equal to his task, there can be no doubt that civil and political interests ought to have the first place. But we do not think that we are doing injustice to Sir A. Alison when we say that the chiefs of the Peninsular War are the real heroes of his first volume, and the chiefs of the Continental War the heroes of the second.

Lord Castlereagh began political life in an evil time and amid evil influences. The time was when the outbreak of Jacobinism in France disturbed all ordinary principles of statesmanship and government, arrested all hopeful reforms throughout Europe, and gave a permanent and incurable turn in the direction of violence and extreme measures to some of the firmest, and wisest, and most equitable minds. And he served his political apprenticeship in Dublin, amid the corruption and party wickedness almost unexampled, even in the miserable annals of Ireland, which preceded the Union. His first experience as a statesman was gained by dealing with the rebels and loyalists of 1798, and with the Protestant oligarchy which opposed the Union till they were bought over to it. Lord Castlereagh's political character preserved to the last some traces of those hardening and debasing scenes amid which he first had to act. They were not scenes to make a man nice as to his means. They taught determination and unscrupulous promptitude in order to save the State, but they were of a nature to inspire an almost cynical despair of all honourable and rational reform. And he would not learn in them to respect the virtue of those in power any more than to trust popular ideas or popular genius. Yet Lord Castlereagh was one of the very few Irishmen of those days whose head remained steady. With the terrible magnetism of the French Revolution acting with inconceivable intensity on every evil passion of every political faction in Ireland, as malignant in the effects of its repulsion as in its attraction, Lord Castlereagh, though measuring its force and danger and probable duration more surely and more unhelpfully than many of his contemporaries, and thoroughly disposed by temper and on principle for the sternest measures to counteract it, never lost sight, all through the agony of the struggle, of the necessity of conciliation and justice to the misgoverned and dangerous population whom neither soldier nor hangman could keep in order. Sir A. Alison, instead of showing us clearly the part which Lord Castlereagh took under Lord Cornwallis during the rebellion, contents himself with ascribing generally to them both the desire to mitigate to the utmost the horrors of the time. Just where we should like to see the man more closely, we are put off with eulogy, in which the chief and the subordinate are represented as of equal weight in the conduct of a policy. But it is certain that he is spoken of in Lord Cornwallis' letters as one of the few men of sense, coolness, and temper who supported him in his policy of mercy; though even mercy in those days meant the capital conviction by court martial of 134 persons out of 380 tried, and the execution of 90, in the space of six months (August, 1798, to February, 1799). The judgment and impartiality of which he had given proof overcame Mr. Pitt's not unreasonable objection to make an Irishman Chief Secretary. On the spot, and surrounded by everything that could shake his judgment, he had the courage to

* *Lives of Lord Castlereagh and Sir Charles Stewart, the Second and Third Marquesses of Londonderry: with Annals of Contemporary Events in which they bore a part.* By Sir A. Alison, Bart. 3 vols. Blackwoods. 1861.

recognise, from the first, in the strongest and clearest way, the necessity of admitting the Roman Catholics to their civil rights. He had risen above the cruel and cowardly traditions of his friends to see that the Roman Catholics, rebellious and troublesome as they were, had reason on their side, and that it was vain to expect them to be quiet till they were dealt with reasonably.

Lord Castlereagh was made Chief Secretary to carry the Union. It was a work which was the saving of Ireland, perhaps of England; but it is impossible not to think with feelings almost of pity of the Minister who was employed to bring it about. For the two instruments by which it was effected were, corruption on more than an Irish scale, and engagements, or at least understandings, for the fulfilment of which no provision had been honestly made. The Protestant oligarchy had to be bought—bought against high competition on the part of the opposers of the Union—and their price was great. However, they received their price. "I should despair," wrote Lord Castlereagh, "were I not convinced that the repugnance of the country gentlemen turns more on points of personal interest than on a fixed aversion to the principle of Union." But he was "persuaded that firmness would ultimately carry the measure," and at the cost of more than a million sterling, and of a number of peerages, about which there was some undignified haggling in England, "the fee-simple," as Lord Castlereagh expressed it, "of Irish corruption was bought out and secured to the Crown for ever." But the Roman Catholics needed more delicate handling. If their claims were brought forward along with the Union, the argument thereby placed in the hands of the Protestant opposition would, it was judged, prove fatal to the Union. If the Union was to do nothing for the Roman Catholics, the mere feeling of dislike to England, and the chances of future supremacy in a separate Parliament would incline them to throw their weight against it. It was made, therefore, an express point in the conduct of the measure, that it was to be "clogged" with no conditions about emancipation—that no engagement was to be entered into, no expectations were to be held out, but at the same time the measure was pushed forward by men, both in England and Ireland, who made no secret of their opinion that the next step after the Union was to be emancipation and a provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. In this part of the transaction there is no reason to doubt Lord Castlereagh's entire honesty of conduct. "With the Union," he said all along, "emancipation on an enlarged scale would be safe." He transmitted a memoir on the subject to the English Ministry, which Lord Cornwallis thought very able, and which, though it has since been lost, Sir A. Alison in the exercise of a remarkable sagacity, is able to inform us, "embraced every argument that has been or could be advanced on behalf of the Catholics." Sir Archibald says the same of another paper of Lord Castlereagh's of a later date. "It contained all the arguments that have been since, or can possibly be adduced;" and this paper he prints. It is a remarkable and singularly bold and able statement of the folly and impolicy of continuing the Roman Catholic disqualifications; but when Sir A. Alison says, that it contains every possible argument on the subject, he overlooks the fact, so characteristic of the tone of the times and of the temper of those to whom the memoir was addressed, that there is not the faintest mention in it of the grounds of justice and right. But Lord Castlereagh was thoroughly in earnest in his conviction of the necessity of concession; and he was not to blame if he let the Roman Catholics see that he believed that it was to come. Sir A. Alison has little doubt that their confidence facilitated the Union, and observes that, "many things in politics, as in other matters, are only the more distinctly understood for not being openly expressed." It is evident, from a letter of Lord Castlereagh's to Mr. Pitt, January 1, 1801, in which he recalls to Mr. Pitt how the Irish Government were authorized to act in reference to the Roman Catholics, and how they did act, that even this is an understatement. But when Sir A. Alison says that "Mr. Pitt, Lord Cornwallis, and Lord Castlereagh were placed in the painful predicament of having tacitly allowed the Roman Catholics to expect a measure of relief," it ought to be added that Mr. Pitt was the only one of the three who had not done all that was right and possible beforehand to guard against the possibility of such a result.

Lord Castlereagh, of course, went out of office on Mr. Pitt's resignation on the Catholic question—with great reputation among those whom he had served, and with great general unpopularity. He had followed a policy which favoured no one party and offended all—Revolutionists and Loyalists, Catholics and the Protestant oligarchy—and Sir A. Alison adds, the jealous English aristocracy in the bargain. In this combination of party hatred against him, Sir A. Alison sees the foundation of the prejudice against his memory. But this is not the adequate account of the matter. There are men who do not court popularity and who yet attract it; and there are others who do not court it and never gain it. Lord Castlereagh was one of these. Without anything repulsive—on the contrary, we are told of the suavity of his manner—without anything apparently to cause distrust, or wound pride, or offend jealousy—cool, temperate, firm, independent, manly, there was a self-contained isolation about his character round which attachment and personal interest did not readily gather. There is a kind of loneliness about his memory, in that thick crowd of colleagues and opponents in the midst of which he filled so foremost a place. We think of the friends of Pitt and Fox, and even of Addington; but Castlereagh stands by

himself in his busiest and most powerful days. He had a most difficult course to pursue. He had powerful, unrelenting, and unscrupulous opponents, who were often right and still more often plausible in their attacks; and the work laid on him came to be, not the ordinary provision for the welfare and good government of a free country, but to see if by any means he might, in the last dangers, save the State, and maintain the independence of Europe. To this he sacrificed everything, and many of the sacrifices were heavy ones. But all this does not explain the unpopularity of which Sir A. Alison speaks. It had a deeper and personal root, partly in the self-reliant, unflinching perseverance, which is one of the finest points in the character of the man, partly in defects in those qualities which attract sympathy, partly in a political training and education which was none of the happiest; but on none of these points do Sir Archibald's copious pages throw much real light.

We shall have occasion to recur to this book. But in the meantime we cannot withhold from our readers the pleasure of seeing one of the most amusing slips of the pen which ever fell under our notice. In the third volume (p. 289) they will find a most grandiloquent account of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, in which occurs the following sentence:—"The pall was borne by the Marquess of Anglesea, the Marquess of Londonderry, Lord Gough, Lord Combermere, Lord Seaton, Sir Harry Smith, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Alexander Woodford, and SIR PEGREBINE PICKLE"!!!

(To be continued.)

THE UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ROUSSEAU.*

THE "Unpublished Writings and Correspondence of Rousseau" consist of a variety of papers in the possession of a Genevese family named Moulton. M. Paul Moulton, the great-grandfather of the editor, was a Minister of the Evangelical Church of Geneva, and, strange as it may seem, an intimate personal friend both of Rousseau and of Voltaire. Many of the fragments contained in the recently-published volume are parts of works which Rousseau describes himself, in his *Confessions*, as having committed to the flames; but the philosopher is known to have been never weary of copying and recopying the manuscript of his favourite productions, and now and then one or other of the foul copies, having been probably submitted originally to M. Moulton for his critical opinion, appears to have remained in his hands. The book given to the world by M. Moulton's descendant has for the most part that interest only which belongs to the accidentally preserved remains of a great writer. Englishmen, who are little under the influence of Rousseau's doctrine, and not at all alive to the witchery of his style, will probably consider the rhetoric of the contents inflated and the reasoning slimy; and if they do not happen to be aware of the strong evidence of Rousseau's sincerity which has gradually been collected, they will be sure to think the sentiment hollow, pretentious, and hypocritical. There is, however, one fragment in the volume which merits attention, even in this country, as forming one stone in a great land-mark of the history of opinion. This is a paper, singular in form, and consisting chiefly of mere scattered sentences, which has for its title *Project of a Constitution for Corsica*. Rousseau, like most earnest theorists, had a passionate desire to see the practical application of his principles. It happened that in 1761, after the Corsicans under Paoli had all but driven their Genoese masters out of their island, a M. de Buttafuoco, a Corsican officer in the service of the King of France, took it into his head to write a letter to Rousseau, requesting him to frame laws and a Constitution for the emancipated people. Nothing can be more characteristic of the time than M. de Buttafuoco's letter, and Rousseau's reasons for eagerly acceding to the suggestion. The officer is convinced that nobody but the author of the *Contrat Social* can ensure the future welfare of his country; and the philosopher is sure that there can be no better field than Corsica for his experiments, because it is nearer its natural condition than other communities in Europe, the social inequalities which it undoubtedly exhibits being mere superficial irregularities artificially introduced by the tyrannical Genoese. But Rousseau, though he instantly began to labour at the Corsican institutions, was not permitted to proceed far with them. In 1764, the French Government took possession of the coast towns of Corsica under pretence of mediating between the Corsicans and the Genoese. For three years the French troops remained in the island, professing all the while the utmost sympathy with the efforts of the Corsican patriots, and disclaiming the smallest intention of restoring the tyranny which had been overthrown. The convention under which they had entered provided for their withdrawal in 1768, by which time they had become virtual masters of Corsica; but just when their retirement was expected, it turned out that France had obtained the cession of the island from the Senate of Genoa. The King of France immediately assumed the sovereignty; the patriots were pitilessly put down, and Rousseau threw aside his Constitution in indignation and despair. The history, so far as concerns the conduct of the French Government, is one which has been repeated since, and probably not for the last time.

Rousseau, with the curious pedantry of his age, had derived

* *Oeuvres et Correspondance Inédites de J. J. Rousseau*. Publié par M. G. Streckenbach. Paris: Lévy. London: Jaffs. 1861.

his ideas concerning Corsica from a passage in Diodorus. "The Corsicans," says that writer, "feed on milk, honey, and meat; they observe among themselves the rules of justice and humanity with more exactness than any other barbarians. The first person who finds honey in the mountains or in the hollow of a tree has the certainty that no one will dispute his right to it." But, in point of fact, the island which was thus selected as the theatre on which the regeneration of the world was to begin, was the spot in Western Europe which remained longest in pure barbarism. Its society, far from being distinguished by the simplicity of its mechanism, consisted in an intricate system of relations between families and clans; and the habits of the people, instead of displaying the innocence which Diodorus and Rousseau attributed to them, were formed by the observance of cruel and unmeaning customs, adhered to with a tenacity which civilizing influences have scarcely even now overcome. The *Vendetta*, or traditional family feud, had to be suppressed by the French Government as late as 1845; and in 1848, at the outbreak of the Revolution, it is known to have had a temporary revival. If Rousseau's legislation had been put into force in Corsica—and there was at one time much chance of its adoption at the recommendation of Paoli—it must have miscarried as thoroughly as Locke's famous project of a Constitution for the Carolinas. Yet the opportunity which was denied to Rousseau during his life-time came with a vengeance twenty years later. Corsica became part of France, and in 1789 the country which had appropriated the little island in defiance of all justice was induced to try on itself the very experiment which it had prevented Rousseau from trying on Corsica. The principles intended to be embodied in the Corsican Constitution are those of the *Contrat Social*, and they are those which the Frenchmen of 1789 were feeling after when they overthrew the world. It is astonishing to reflect on their history, and to observe the *naïveté* with which they are here set forth by Rousseau. Some of them seem almost silly, but their childishness only arises from their having passed into the commonplaces of this century. Others appear preposterously untenable, but then it is only the terrible experience of the French Revolution which has taught us their emptiness. Those, however, who know what Rousseau's influence has been, will be on their guard against supposing that any fragment of his writings is rendered unimportant by false logic or false taste. It has been the fate of this extraordinary man to have sown no seed, bad or good, which has fallen on stony ground. The greatest of his contemporaries have produced no effects as yet which can be compared with his. Montesquieu, the highest intellect of the eighteenth century, has had but one intellectual descendant in France, Alexis de Tocqueville; and he is infinitely more of a prophet in England and in the United States than in his own country. The influence of Voltaire's negative criticism has of course been immense, but his few positive opinions were soon forgotten, and towards the comfortable practical philosophy which he inculcated his countrymen of our day have no feeling except an extreme repugnance. But no word or line of Rousseau's has been lost. The *Confessions* are the fountain, not only of Byronism and Lamartiniere, their immediate progeny, but also of that host of works in which the self-analysis of the writer supplies him with the means of unlocking other men's hearts. Without them there is no certainty that France would have had a Balzac or a Charles de Bernard, or England a Charlotte Brontë and a Thackeray. With the *Nouvelle Héloïse* began the modern apotheosis of the lower passions—the theme which inspires almost all French romance, and not a little of English fiction. The *Vicar of Savoyard* is the parent of modern sentimental religion. In France, where its effects have been profound, it gives the one ingredient which distinguishes the Neo-Catholicism of Lacordaire or Montalembert from the native dogmatism of Roman Catholic theology. The *Emile* is the source of half the notions which, sixty years after its publication, appeared in a new dress as the tenets of the Communists and Socialists. Even Rousseau's music is said to have been infinitely more studied than would be expected from its apparent merits; and more than one French composer is believed to owe his peculiarities to an affectation of following the *Levin de Village*. But for direct influence on the fortunes of mankind, nothing of Rousseau's can be compared with the *Contrat Social*, of which the positive conclusions were intended to be embodied in the Constitution for Corsica. The fermentation of its principles produced the great explosion at the end of the century, and streamed out in a movement of which the end is not yet.

So remarkable an influence can only be explained by the antecedent readiness of men's minds to respond to it. Most French critics have accounted for it by the eloquence of Rousseau's style. Others have supposed that the secret lay in his anticipation of modern theories of progress. Some, with more reason, have called attention to the marked religious turn of his mind, and have pointed out that, amid the general discredit of received systems of religion, the vague doctrine of Rousseau had almost a monopoly of the whole field of belief. An explanation, different from all these, is afforded by Mr. Maine, in his recently published volume on *Ancient Law*. Mr. Maine thinks that the parentage of Rousseau's ideas is not chiefly imaginative, nor chiefly metaphysical, nor chiefly religious, but principally legal; and that his philosophy is in substance a popular exposition of certain theories of the Roman lawyers which had long had currency in modern Europe. According to this view, the lawyers of Rome, in the absence of a more definite rule of legal progress, had placed the perfection

of law in symmetry and simplicity. A law corrected by these standards they called the law of nature, and they seem to have been under a vague impression that mankind had practised it before civil history began, in a state or condition of nature. The vision of some beautifully simple and harmonious code, answering to the ideal picture of the natural state, had long danced before the eyes of the better class of lawyers in all countries in Europe, taking occasionally a more definite and precise shape when it passed over into England, but fancifully and vaguely conceived in general, yet not too indistinctly to irritate and vex the lawyers of France and Italy by its contrast with the perplexity and confusion of existing customs. Of this mythus of jurisprudence, Rousseau made himself the popular expositor. He collected into a focus the ideas of natural perfection which floated in the atmosphere of legal thought, and when they were collected they set the world on fire.

No doubt much support is lent to this theory by the newly-published *Constitution for Corsica*. The greater part of the fragment consists of detached notes in an aphoristic form, not unlike the *Pensées* of Pascal, and these crude statements of Rousseau's thoughts betray their legal pedigree more clearly than the balanced rhetorical sentences of the *Contrat Social*. The method which Rousseau proposed to follow in framing his code was to take the institutions of Corsica as he found them, and then cut them down to his own measure of harmonious simplicity. In his letters to M. de Buttafuoco, he states the necessity of carefully studying the actual laws of Corsica with an emphasis which might belong to a disciple of Montesquieu; but it soon appears that he merely wishes to know what existing institutions are, for the purpose of pruning away the irregular excrescences on the simplicity of nature which he supposes to have been introduced by the usurping Genoese. And, when he begins to work out his conception, nothing can be clearer than that his mind is full of the legal commonplaces of his day and country concerning natural law. In the passage of Diodorus which took so strong a hold on his fancy, he is particularly impressed with the statement that among the primitive Corsicans the first person who found honey in a hollow tree was admitted by his neighbours to be proprietor of it—this, as Mr. Maine has shown, being the exact theory of the origin of property which prevailed among jurists in the last century. Again, in recommending the ancient customs of Switzerland to the adoption of the Corsican, he tells them that all the cattle of the canton were allowed to roam together on the mountains, and that the *first occupant* of any one of them was allowed to keep it—thus reproducing in terms the rule of Roman law with respect to the acquisition of ownership in animals which are in a state of nature. But perhaps the most startling illustration of the influence which legal theories had over him is a proposition which he evidently took from the writers on Public Law. The Publicists lay down that national communities, when independent, are subject only to the law of nature. Rousseau inverts this assumption, and transfers it to civil society. Having made up his mind to create a society which shall be governed only by natural law, he concludes that all the persons who live in it must be independent of each other; and his reflections on the point lead him to this startling aphorism, "From that mutual dependence of men on each other which is believed to be the bond of society, spring all the vices which destroy it." Rousseau's line of thought can be traced in numberless passages of the Corsican Constitution, but in none so instructively as this. First, he misunderstands the proposition of law. Then, he transfers it to an inappropriate subject-matter. Lastly, he transforms it into an audacious general maxim which militates against all received ideas, and which could not possibly be applied without a subversion of all existing order. Such is the history of much which seventy years ago passed as a revelation of new and beneficent truth.

BERNAL ON THE THEORY OF AUTHORITY.*

IT is scarcely a paradox to say that the most instructive works on Continental politics are those with which we least agree. It is so hard to escape from the English method of regarding foreign nations that we sometimes require to see the opinions and feelings of foreigners expressed in their most extreme form. We can easily understand something of the government of Continental nations which are thriving and moderately liberal, and contented with Parliamentary machinery. But it is not so easy to place ourselves in the position of those who represent phases of Continental life unknown here. We cannot, without a great effort, throw ourselves into the position of a man brought up in the traditions of the Court circles of Austria or Prussia, nor into that of a speculative Roman Catholic, nor into that of a philosophical democrat. Whenever, therefore, we come across a work which exhibits in a strong and favourable light any of these unknown phases of Continental life, it is always worth studying. The elaborate treatise translated by M. Vachin belongs to this class. Its author is a Spaniard, or rather, we believe, he is a man of foreign extraction who has settled in Spain, and who writes in Spanish as his natural vehicle of thought. It would be difficult to find a book which was more fitted to represent to English readers the philosophical advocacy of democracy

* *Théorie de l'Autorité appliquée aux Nations Modernes; ou, Traité de la Souveraineté Nationale.* Par C. Bernal. Traduit et Annalysé par Egmont Vachin. Paris: Didier. London: Jeffs. 1861.

which exercises so powerful a sway over Continental minds. The writer has framed a distinct theory of what a State ought to be, and the principles on which it ought to rest. In order to support his theory he enters on a very able and learned, although to English eyes a very prejudiced, review of the history of most of the nations of Western and Northern Europe, and more especially of France, England, and Spain. His object is to show that in all these countries there is and has been a spirit of liberty which has been unhappily perverted. Democracy has been everywhere nipped in the bud, and its fair promises blighted. Nowhere does M. Bernal find what he is in search of—authority resting on its right basis, and sovereignty centred in the proper hands. He has no hesitation in sketching out the form of government which is the ideal towards which Western Europe has been vainly groping, and he examines very minutely the details of this ideal system. He also considers it under very various points of view. He inquires how centralisation can be united with a sufficient local independence, how the mass of the nation can be assured of a comfortable subsistence, and how religion can be encouraged while priests are absolutely deprived of all authority whatever. The general character of the ideal constitution is this:—There is to be a prince, elective or hereditary, as the nation pleases, who is to have the chief charge of deciding what laws are to be made; there is to be an elective council of state, which is to deliberate on the laws proposed by the prince; and then all laws thus inaugurated are to be submitted to the vote of the whole people. This machinery, however, is only to apply to matters affecting the nation. Local affairs are to be dealt with by a provincial machinery, which is to be an exact counterpart of that which regulates the nation. A governor, a provincial council, and a popular vote will secure order and liberty in the sections of the nation, as the prince, the great council, and the national vote will provide for the interests of the whole.

Having explained the nature of this sovereign remedy for all political evils, M. Bernal proceeds to show the vast benefits that would be derived from it. In the first place, the people would get all they could possibly want. Public opinion would be absolute, for no vote could be obtained for a project of law unless the senate acquiesced in it. The consequence would be that, by the same action of the political machinery, every measure calculated only to benefit an individual or a class would be set aside. It would not be worth proposing what would be certain to be rejected. In the same way, there would be no limits placed on industry, for the nation would take care that all honest labourers were well provided for. Nor would there be any danger of military usurpation or of a state of siege, as there would be nothing for any one to gain by a revolution. The Sovereign would gain equally. At present a sovereign is either an absolute monarch or a constitutional prince. If he is the former, he knows himself to be the head of a system that is fast crumbling into ruin. He is obliged, in order to keep up his monarchy, to have recourse to expedients which sap the foundation on which the monarchy rests. He lives in constant terror lest an assassin should require his misdeeds. On the other hand, if he is a constitutional prince, he is a mere sham. He reigns, but does not govern. He lives in a fine house, and rides in a gilt coach, but all real power resides in his Ministers, who are jealous of the least sign of a wish to interfere on his part, and who misconstrue his most harmless acts into a subtle attack on the constitution. Nor would the Ministers themselves gain less under the ideal constitution. Now they are obliged to live in one weary round of intrigues. They have to purchase a treacherous support by the lavish use of corruption and intimidation. They are always employed in cheating some rival or betraying some friend. But if the best of all possible governments was established, there would be no occasion for intrigue, and cajolery, and corruption. They would have the luxury of being honest and innocent. The final acceptance of their measures would depend not on anything they would do, but on the nation at large, and their only duty would be the purely administrative task of putting the proposed measures in the most promising shape. The prince would naturally, for his own sake, appoint the best qualified persons to this office, and as their superiority would be generally acknowledged there would be no opportunity or apprehension of rivalry. With a sovereign powerful for good and powerless for harm, an honest, humble-minded, industrious, large-minded Ministry, and a nation secure in the omnipotence of public opinion, the model would be attained to conceive and fashion which has been so long the vain endeavour of bewildered Europe.

To criticize all this would be simply absurd. It is utterly needless to show that every statement contained in M. Bernal's proposal is an entire assumption—that there are obvious flaws in every part of his system—and that he writes without stopping to consider that men under a democracy are as silly and wicked and mean as under any other form of government. What is important to observe is the mode in which the author treats his subject. He goes over past history only in order to break with the past, and to make a clear beginning. In England we are accustomed to look to existing institutions, and to see how they are to be brought into the form we desire. These Continental philosophers make nothing of historical traditions, or of national habits and national character. We in England are so firmly convinced of the superiority of Parliamentary government, that we wonder how a writer like

M. Bernal, with such a model Government as our own before his eyes, should wish for any other. But to a person who looks on Parliamentary government merely as an outsider, and who does not really consider what is possible at any particular time in a given country, but is absorbed in forming novel schemes of imaginary polities, the system is by no means attractive. M. Bernal investigates the past and present history of England with great knowledge and an apparent wish to be true; and his conclusion is that the Parliamentary government of this country is an utter failure, that all it produces of certain fruit is a swarm of robbers and rogues, that it necessarily involves Ministerial corruption, and that its general result has been to leave England with the heaviest debt and the most miserable class of labourers in the world. He sees in England a warning, not an attraction. The very dangers against which he most wishes to guard are precisely those which imitators of English Government introduce on the Continent. To the argument that at least Parliamentary government is a thing which practically works tolerably well, he is utterly impervious. He does not look to practical working as the test of political truth. The great reason why such a frame of mind is to be found so often in eminent Continental writers, is undoubtedly the separation from all public life to which all but a very narrow circle have been condemned under absolute governments. Those who have speculated in politics are therefore obliged to regard the field of which they speak as a region of which they can only know the distant appearance. They are under none of the restraints which a contact with actual affairs is sure to impose. They wish to begin at the very beginning of all topics of discussion, because no one stage in the series really concerns them more than the rest.

Compared with the works of such authors as Tocqueville and Guizot, such a book as this of M. Bernal seems trivial and absurd. We miss the solid sense, combined with the freedom of investigation, which has given its most characteristic feature to the highest literature of France. But the kind of reasoning and the general habit of mind typified in M. Bernal's work is one that penetrates into Continental circles where the more profound and well-considered writings of sober philosophers never find a reader. And this sort of random speculation issuing forth as if the world were a *tabula rasa* on which each succeeding theorist is to map out his scheme, has a very wide influence, and is shaping the destinies of Europe much more largely than we might at first suspect. There is an expansive force in this seemingly pompous theorizing which acts as a constant check on the oppressive yoke of a despotic government and a despotic religion. It is the existence of persons who view both government and religion from the outside, who are prepared for any results, and who aim at an ideal free from the striking defects of existing systems, that forms the groundwork of that stern opposition which is being waged with endless pertinacity against tyranny of every kind. We must value the beliefs and opinions of such people, not by their intrinsic merits, but by the character of that which they oppose. A Continental politician who has come to the conclusion that Parliamentary Government is a mere juggle is prevented from thinking everything equally bad, and from acquiescing in the prevailing worship of brute force and success, by his theories of a Utopia, and by a conviction that what he terms ideas must ultimately triumph. It is because so many of these vague theorists have been Frenchmen, and because the whole cast of the French mind and the genius of the French language is so eminently suited to put hazy thoughts in a clear form, that France is accepted as the leader of the European mind throughout so large a part of the Continent. There are plenty of M. Bernal's in every Continental nation, and they find in French literature a luxuriant crop of the article they are desirous to produce. They are sure of getting an inspiration from some Frenchman of this century or the last, if they wish to put their dissatisfaction at the state of Europe into the shape of a bold and unsupported theory. They may see, also, that in France a theory does not fall dead because it is wild and untenable. It often becomes associated with whatever independence is still left in the nation. Thinking, not accurately or truly, but plausibly and with an indistinct grandeur of aim and conception, is the source from which the French derive consolation in adversity, and pride in prosperity; and as they think, so do many of their neighbours think, because their neighbours have mostly to contend with the very same evils that operate to degrade and demoralize France. Socialism is of course the form in which vague Continental theories most often appear, but there are many other forms, and in all there is evident the same habit of considering life and society from the outside, and looking on the world as clay which can easily be moulded by a courageous potter. What in real life would happen if the supposed state of things were carried into effect, is the one question that is equally shirked by all these speculators. They are never scared by the thought that, if they had their way, the mob would be left without guidance, the nation without rulers, and Christianity without a Church. There will scarcely be a dozen people in all Europe who will seriously set themselves to consider whether M. Bernal's plan for a combination of royalty with a supreme populace is worth the paper it is printed on. But M. Bernal makes some addition—and, it may be, not a wholly unimportant addition—to that fund of thought which, however imper-

fect and crude, has yet something of nobleness and independence, and which is one of the greatest instruments of change by which the future of Europe is being affected.

JESSE'S RICHARD III.*

THOSE who had watched the progress of the rage for rehabilitating historical monsters, of which Carlyle is the splendid but noxious source, felt certain that, after canonizing Danton, Dr. Francia, Frederick William of Prussia, and Henry VIII., it would at last inevitably reach Richard III. The inevitable has now arrived, but in a very mitigated form. Mr. Jesse is a somewhat paradoxical, but a very honest writer. He is evidently much taken with the vigorous character of the tyrant whose memoirs he writes, and goes so far as to apply to him the epithet of "heroic." But he deals fairly with the evidence, and he is no sophist. Nor does he pretend to do more than diminish the load of Richard's guilt, and to bring out in a more salient manner the good points which the world, whose judgments are rough and broad, had overlooked.

The clemency of history may justly be claimed for Richard on account of the character of the times in which he lived:—

Moreover, before judging him too severely, we should carefully consider the character of the age in which he lived. It was an age when men were inflamed against each other by feelings of the fiercest vindictiveness—when human life was held at a fearful discount, and where deception was regarded almost as an accomplishment. He lived in the middle ages, when belted knights deemed it a meritorious act to knock out the brains of a defenceless prelate at the altar—in an age when an abbot went publicly forth with assassins to waylay and murder a brother-abbot, and when a Duke of Burgundy suborned men of birth to assassinate a Duke of Orleans in his presence. Richard, moreover, had lived through a war of extermination, unsurpassed, perhaps, in the annals of ferocious retaliation. From his childhood he had been conversant with proscriptions, with bloodshed, and deceit. He had not only witnessed the cruelties perpetrated by his brother Edward, and by Margaret of Anjou—the wholesale slaughter of thousands flying from the field of battle, and the deliberate butchery of the noblest and the bravest on the scaffold; but he had been accustomed to regard these atrocities as part of a necessary policy. Moreover, it may be questioned whether his guilt in seizing a crown is so heinous as it appears at first sight. We must remember that the throne of England was virtually elective—that the accession of the young in years or the feeble in mind was almost certain to provoke a contention for the kingly power—that the King himself was but the head of the barons—and that, in troubled times, the most powerful of the barons looked upon the crown as a prize within the legitimate scope of his ambition.

At the same time it must be remembered that the same circumstances which would extenuate crime also render it less improbable that it should have been committed, however monstrous and incredible it may seem. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that fabling hatred was busy with the name of the fallen usurper, and that the evidence of the crimes traditionally imputed to him is a fair subject of historical criticism. Sir Thomas More, who is a principal witness to the charges against Richard, is discredited by his belief in the ridiculous story that the enemy of the Tudors came into the world "with his feet forward," and also "not untoothed." In Baker's Chronicle, the catalogue of Richard's personal deformities reaches a great pitch. "In body he was but low, crooked-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, and goggle-eyed; his face little and round, his complexion swarthy, his left arm from his birth dry and withered; born a monster in nature, with all his teeth, with hair on his head, and nails on his fingers and toes: and just such were the qualities of his mind." Mr. Jesse examines the evidence as to Richard's shape and personal appearance, including the testimony of the old Countess of Desmond, who had danced with Richard at a court-ball, and said he was the handsomest man in the room, except his brother Edward—Edward being described by Commines as the handsomest prince, or even the handsomest man, of the age. "Our impression," says Mr. Jesse, in conclusion, "is, that though his stature was low, he was not misshapen; that though his figure was slight, it was compact and muscular; and that though not exactly handsome, his countenance was far from being unprepossessing." "Impressions," in matters of strict historical criticism, are of little more value than probabilities in mathematics; but we believe Mr. Jesse's "impression" is not far wide of the legitimate inference from the conflicting testimonies adduced. It is almost physically impossible that one of the first warriors of the age, at a time when personal prowess as well as strategical skill was necessary to a general, should have been the bunch of deformity the chroniclers represent. On the other hand, the common account of the sudden arrest and execution of Hastings by the Protector at the Tower, implies that Richard had a withered arm, which he is stated to have bared as a proof that he had been practised on by sorcery and witchcraft. Mr. Jesse, in a note to the passage, calls the withered arm "another of the imaginary personal deformities which vulgar report or political malignancy delighted to attribute to Richard of Gloucester." But he does not in the text dispute the accuracy of the common account of the altercation which preceded the arrest.

The first two crimes attributed to Richard (who was then only in the nineteenth year of his age) are the murders of Prince Edward and of King Henry after the battle of Tewkesbury. With regard to the first of these charges, the evidence seems fairly to

break down. It is not even certain that the Prince was taken prisoner at all. Two contemporary writers state, or imply, that he was killed in the field, and one that he was killed in the flight. That King Henry was murdered in the Tower there can be no doubt; and there is evidence to prove that the Duke of Gloucester was in the Tower on the night of the murder; but that he actually committed it, rests on the mere rumour of an age when rumours were little to be trusted. It cannot be pleaded, however, that Richard had no sufficient inducement to commit these crimes. The deaths of the Lancastrian Princes did not, it is true, open to him a near prospect of the crown; but it secured his life, his rank, and the vast estates which attainers and confiscations had accumulated in his hands.

Next in the list of Richard's crimes comes his supposed complicity in the judicial murder of his brother Clarence. In this case, as in the two last mentioned, the damning vividness of Shakespeare's pencil has placed the charge, whether it be true or false, almost beyond the power of historical criticism to efface. The evidence, however, seems to be null. There had been a quarrel between Gloucester and Clarence about their respective claims, in right of their wives, to the estates of the Nevilles. But there is no proof of Richard's having taken any part either in the accusation or in the trial. On the contrary, it seems probable, as Mr. Jesse says, that he was at that time discharging the duties of his government in the North of England. Edward was a tyrant, in whom cruelty, as usual, was united with lust; and he had abundant grounds of his own for suspecting Clarence, who had once conspired against him, had impeached his legitimacy on the ground of the incontinence of their mother, and had obtained an Act of Parliament settling the Crown on himself and his descendants, after the demise of Edward, son of Henry VI. Richard appears also to be entitled to a verdict of not proven on the charge of poisoning his Queen Anne, after the death of their only son, and of intending to contract an incestuous marriage with his niece Elizabeth, under a dispensation from the Pope. Anne certainly died at a suspicious moment, but there seems to be no other reason for doubting that she died a natural death. Her health, it seems, had previously been weak.

But all this will merely diminish by a shade or two the blackness of Richard's infamy, unless he can be cleared of the great crime of all—the murder of his two nephews. Of betraying them and usurping their inheritance, which is next door to murdering them, of course he cannot possibly be cleared; and Mr. Jesse, after a thorough examination of the evidence, honestly arrives at the conclusion that he was guilty of the murder. The princes were in his keeping; he had an obvious motive for putting them to death; Tyrrell, one of the murderers, confessed; the bodies were found; all the persons pointed out by public rumour as accomplices were richly rewarded; universal belief accused Richard of the murder; it was of the utmost importance to him, if he was innocent, to prove his innocence, and he took no steps to do so. As to the attempt which has been made to overthrow the evidence of the murder by maintaining that Perkin Warbeck was really the Duke of York, Mr. Jesse treats it with just disregard. "Warbeck, in fact, would seem to have been merely one of a series of impostors whom, from time to time, the secret machinations of a powerful and well-organized faction in England called into political existence for the purpose of crippling, and, if possible, uprooting the Tudor dynasty." Besides, as Mr. Jesse justly observes, the story told by Perkin Warbeck, if true, involves the murder of the elder prince.

There can be no doubt that Richard was a great soldier and a man of remarkable energy and ability. His policy at the commencement of his reign was also of a popular character, and the Statute-book for that short period contains several good enactments. But as much might be said of most usurpers, and of the commencement of most dynasties. Mr. Jesse is too much fascinated by qualities which are perfectly compatible with great depravity of character and utter selfishness of aim; but, we repeat, he is always honest in dealing with the facts, and his enthusiasm, though somewhat paradoxical, has led him to work up the subject thoroughly and give us an interesting book.

LEWIN'S TOPOGRAPHY OF JERUSALEM.*

THERE are few subjects more perplexing than the seemingly endless controversy about the Holy Sites of Jerusalem. One is often tempted, in sheer despair of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion about any of them, to join the camp of the sceptical travellers who doubt them all. Hardly any single point can be taken for granted. The genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre itself, the exact situation and limits of the Temple, the former boundaries of the city at different periods, the directions of its walls and the places of its gates, are all matters of dispute. Nor is the controversy confined to English writers. Williams, Ferguson, Willis, and Thrupp are not less discordant at home than Robinson and Barclay in America, or than Tobler, Kraft, and Schultz in Germany. Of the asperities imported into the discussion of these topographical, antiquarian, and

* *Memoirs of King Richard the Third and some of his Contemporaries, with an Historical Drama on the Battle of Bosworth.* By John Heneage Jesse, Author of "The Court of England under the Stuarts," &c. London: Bentley. 1862.

* *Jerusalem. A Sketch of the City and Temple, from the Earliest Times to the Siege by Titus.* By Thomas Lewin, Esq., of Trinity College, Oxford, M.A. London: Longmans. 1861.

architectural questions, we say nothing. The undertaking, therefore, of which Mr. Lewin has bethought himself is a very useful one. He has resolved to subject the whole question to a dispassionate inquiry—very much as if he were “getting up” a perplexed and disputed question for a court of law. He has no special fitness for the task. He has never visited the Holy City itself. He makes no pretension to particular skill in history, philology, or archaeology. But he approaches the question with a legal impartiality and freedom from bias. His conclusions may not satisfy any considerable proportion of his readers, but there is no one who takes any interest in the subject who will not be grateful for his temperate examination of the several rival theories, or who will not admit that the present volume, “though failing to produce conviction, may yet serve as a guide, and smooth the way to future investigation.”

Mr. Lewin’s method is to examine the topography of Jerusalem, as shown whether by documentary evidence or by existing indications or the configuration of the ground, tracing it from the very earliest notices of the city, through the epochs of Solomon, Hezekiah, Manasseh, Zedekiah, Nehemiah, the Maccabees, and the Herods, down to its present condition. In this process he finds himself obliged to dissent from several of Dr. Robinson’s generally received propositions, while he adopts a small part of Mr. Fergusson’s bold theory. With respect to the Temple Mount, he proposes a view of his own, in contradistinction to the several opinions of Catherwood, Robinson, and Williams. We proceed to give a sketch of our author’s argument, without, however, committing ourselves to an assent to it, unless when we expressly say so.

In the first place, he follows Fergusson and Thrupp (and here we entirely agree with him) in believing that the eastern and not the western hill is the true Sion. His theory is that *Jebus* occupied the western plateau of rock, and that *Salem* was the name of the later city, built on the eastern hill—that is, on the true Sion which was subsequently the site of the Temple. Thus, when David took what is called in the Chronicles “the castle of Sion,” he gained possession, according to this theory, of the lower (or eastern) hill, with the fortress which afterwards became *Aera* of the Macedonians; and it was the high town (that is, the western hill) which was subsequently stormed by Joab. The “house of David” is next fixed on the south part of the eastern hill, on or near the site afterwards known as the palace of Helena. It is well known how difficult it is to understand what is meant by the *Millo* and the *Gihon* of the topography of Jerusalem. Mr. Lewin takes the former to be the great earthwork round the Temple first constructed by Solomon, and the latter to be the ravine with a flowing stream, which is now known as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The Temple, as built by Solomon, is described as resembling the Birs Nimroud in its successive tiers of rectangular terraces. No doubt, too, the architecture was Assyrian. Mr. Lewin adds, “The capitals of the columns probably more nearly resembled the Corinthian order than any other.” We know from Josephus that the second Temple was professedly of the Corinthian style: which reminds us that it is reported that the capital of a column from Jerusalem—said, rightly or wrongly, to have belonged to the Temple—has lately reached London for the Architectural Museum, and has been rejected by the wise authorities of South Kensington on the ground that it is destitute of any artistic character. We expect to hear more of this enlightened decision of the Brompton bureaucrats. To resume—Mr. Lewin decides that the square area of the Temple was not co-extensive with the existing plateau of the Haram es Sherif, but only occupied its south-west corner. But the *whole* platform, 1500 feet long from north to south and more than 900 from east to west, is the *Millo*, formed of massive stones, and originally provided with a strong wall, making an immensely strong fortification. The south-east angle of this artificial terrace was built up to the proper level by vaults. At the south-west, a huge viaduct, of which traces remain, spanned the valley of the Tyropeon into the High Town. On the south-west of the Temple, where the garden of the Mosque El Aksa now stands, was the palace built by Solomon and occupied by him and his successors on the throne. Pursuing the history of the solely defensive works undertaken by Hezekiah and Manasseh, Mr. Lewin traces the walls of the city and the reservoirs and the deviations of the streams of water recorded in the Chronicles as effected by those monarchs. The “camp of the Assyrians” in the time of Hezekiah, is identified with the high ground on the north-west of the city. Next, the rebuilding of the walls under Nehemiah is described with great minuteness and much ingenuity. We do not remember to have seen this topographical question more ably discussed by any writer: but it is quite impossible without plans to make the matter intelligible; and even with plans, the subject, however important it may be, is rather a tedious one. Mr. Lewin, we may here observe, grounds his plan of Jerusalem on the map given by Tobler; but of course his ichnography is made to represent his own theories. The walls of Nehemiah lasted till their demolition by Antiochus Epiphanes. From the books of the Maccabees, and from Josephus, Mr. Lewin next describes the building of the “*Aera*,” or “*Keep*” of the Macedonians, which he places at the north-west angle of the Temple platform, and which he distinguishes from the “*Baris*” of the Maccabees (afterwards the “*Antonia*” of Herod), which stood on the west of the platform, further to the south. In the books of the Maccabees, as Mr. Lewin asserts, “Sion” and “the city of David,” which were originally the same thing, are, for the first time, distinguished—the former

standing for the Temple mount, and the latter for the *Aera*. This Macedonian keep was not taken from the alien enemy till B.C. 137, when Simon Maccabaeus razed it to the ground, and even lowered the lofty rock upon which it was built to the level of the Temple platform. Mr. Lewin tells the whole story of the Asmonæan dynasty very perspicuously and agreeably.

For the Herodian period of Jerusalem the chief, or rather only, authority is Josephus. The present volume examines in detail the Jewish historian’s description of the city generally, of the walls, of the Temple, of the fortress Antonia, and of the Acropolis or Temple platform. We are not going to trouble our readers with the details of the endless disputes about the second and the third walls, or about the relative situations of the three towers of Herod’s palace, the Hippicus, the Phassulus, and the Mariamne, near the Jaffa-gate at the north-west angle of the Upper Town. Yet upon the course of the second wall, as determining whether or not the reputed site of Calvary was “without the gate,” depends the genuineness of the Holy Sepulchre. This vital point is treated of by Mr. Lewin in a formal digression. He adopts, in opposition to Mr. Fergusson, the common hypothesis. Beginning with the *indicia* of the topography afforded by the Gospels, our author identifies the “Prætorium” with Herod’s palace—the El-Kalah, or so-called Castle of David, near the Jaffa-gate. He conceives that our Lord was taken out thence by the adjacent Gennath or “Garden” gate to the place of crucifixion; and, adopting Kraft’s etymology, he takes Golgotha—the “Goath” of Jeremiah—to have been the ordinary Mount of Execution for criminals condemned to death. Of course, therefore, he accepts the account of the Bordeaux pilgrim as determining the authenticity of the received sites; and he applies to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the somewhat inflated description given by Eusebius of the Basilica of Constantine. In reply to Mr. Fergusson, he argues that the “Sion” of both these ancient authorities means, though erroneously, the western hill; for, the mistake of transferring that name from the eastern to the western hill had already begun in their time. As to the whole discussion, which is by this time worn almost threadbare, Mr. Lewin uses the old materials very candidly and judiciously. A new, and a most important, fact is contributed from the *Eglises de la Terre Sainte* by M. Vogüé (published only last year in Paris), viz., that further remains of Constantine’s propylæa have lately been discovered. No one can doubt that an immense deal of additional light will be thrown upon the topography of Jerusalem by future excavations, if ever they are permitted to be made on a large scale. Miss Beaufort’s recent volume on *Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines* is quoted for the valuable fact, that the Russians have very lately come upon some remains of Jewish masonry to the south of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, exactly in the supposed line of the second wall which excludes Golgotha from the limits of the Herodian city. Mr. Lewin disposes, in thirteen arguments, of Mr. Fergusson’s startling theory that the Kubbet es Sakrah, or Dome of the Rock, commonly but erroneously called the Mosque of Omar, is neither more nor less than the original Constantinian Church of the Sepulchre. The architectural difficulty of the style of the Dome of the Rock is here met (not very satisfactorily) by the hypothesis that it might possibly have been built as a Christian church shortly after Constantine’s time. The Golden Gate, which Mr. Fergusson supposes to be the vestibule of the *Basilica* of Constantine, is allowed by Mr. Lewin to be a work of the fourth century; and a suggestion is made that it was always a detached building, serving originally as the chief eastern entrance to the city. The arguments in favour of the genuineness of the Sepulchre itself, drawn from the actual facts of the case, are most lucidly and convincingly arranged.

We need not even touch upon the debatable ground of the Third Wall—that of Agrippa. But we may give the substance of Mr. Lewin’s conclusions as to the present state of the Temple mount. The exact measurements of the area of the Haram es Sherif are 1520 feet on the east side, 1020 on the north, 1617 on the west, and 932 on the south. Catherwood, whose dimensions these are, supposed, without any probability, that the whole of this platform was occupied by the Temple. Dr. Robinson’s theory is that the Temple occupied a square of the breadth of the area, at its southern end. But the difficulties in the way of this opinion are insuperable. Mr. George Williams has argued that the Sakrah, or rock (which gives its name to the Dome of the Rock), is the site of the high altar of the Temple, and that, consequently, the Temple occupied the more northern portion of the present platform. In confirmation of this Mr. Lewin proves, as we think, almost to demonstration, that the Temple occupied a square of 600 feet at the south-west angle of the platform of the Haram es Sherif; and he suggests that the Rock was the site of the keep called Antonia, while the curious cave in it was either the entrance of a subterranean passage or a well for the use of the garrison. In believing the south-western angle of the platform to be the site of the Temple, our author follows Mr. Fergusson. No doubt these conclusions will give occasion to angry rejoinders. For our own part, we are greatly pleased with Mr. Lewin’s patient balancing of authorities and the general common sense of his conclusions. We strongly recommend this useful volume to all who wish to master the present state of the controversy as to the general topography and the particular Holy Sites of the city of Jerusalem.

COX'S TALE OF THE GREAT PERSIAN WAR.*

WE introduced to our readers about a year ago Mr. Cox's *Tales from Greek Mythology*, as a happy attempt to clothe the old mythical stories in a dress at once more poetical and more scientific than that in which they are commonly presented to young minds. We are glad to welcome Mr. Cox again in a sphere in which he has full scope for displaying the qualities which came out in his smaller work, together with some others of which he had then no opportunity of showing anything more than the germs.

Mr. Cox's book consists of two parts. In the first he tells, as a story, the narrative of the Persian War as given by Herodotus—in other words, the history of Herodotus without the digressions. Here is a tale which may be read with interest simply as a tale, and which may also be useful to students of any sort as giving the essential and connected narrative without the constant divergences from the main story. The second part consists of a thorough critical examination of the credibility of the history of Herodotus, which, of course, addresses itself only to scholars, and which is well worthy of the attention of scholars. In his former part Mr. Cox simply narrates, after Herodotus, without criticising—he tells the immortal tale as it is told to him. In the second, he brings his sound scholarship and keen historical instinct to produce results which at first sight strike us as almost too sceptical. Mr. Cox unites several qualities which are in no way inconsistent, but which are not very often found together. He has a poetic sense which makes him thoroughly appreciate all the beauties of the story—a sort of dramatic power, which enables him thoroughly to enter into the position of the historian in telling his tale—and finally, an historic sense, which some may think is too unsparingly applied, as it leads him to reject as matter of fact much that he has just told with the keenest appreciation of its literary beauty. He thus stands distinguished alike from illogical admirers, who think it sacrilegious to doubt the literal truth of anything which pleases the imagination, and from mere dull critics, capable, it may be, of weighing evidence, but incapable of entering into poetical beauty. Mr. Cox holds that we may refuse a literal belief to large portions of the history of Herodotus without in any way diminishing our admiration for him as a narrator, or even our confidence in his thorough personal trustworthiness. And even if in some cases he seems to us, at first sight, to err on the side of disbelief, it may be simply because of the novelty of some of the questions which he starts, and we feel quite certain that he has hit upon what is essentially the right method of handling his subject.

Mr. Cox has taken up the subject of Herodotus opportunely. Herodotus has been lately made so mere a peg on which to hang a great deal of irrelevant Oriental learning, that it is a great gain for him to fall into the hands of a real student of Greek literature and history. We were in danger of forgetting that Herodotus was neither a barbarian chronicler nor a theological partisan; that he did not write primarily to illustrate the deeds of Egyptian or Assyrian despots; that to confirm the Old Testament narrative, and to refute *Essays and Reviews*, were matters still farther from his thoughts. His matter had been overlaid with recent discoveries which have extremely little to do with his real object. His manner had been travestied by translations, always lifeless and often inaccurate. He had fallen into the hands of men so profoundly versed in the tongues of Phrygia and Pamphylia as to have wellnigh forgotten the more necessary languages of Greece and of England. Even Colonel Mure, thorough scholar as he was, hardly appreciated the half-poetic historian, while, in the hands of Professor Rawlinson, Herodotus is simply smothered. His Oriental research is undoubtedly very curious; but it completely puts out of sight the really essential parts of the history. These, on the other hand, it is the special object of Mr. Cox to bring forward. The object of Herodotus is to narrate the Persian War with its causes. This general idea runs through the whole story; it is never forgotten, however it may be kept out of sight for the time. After each digression, Herodotus takes up his main thread, and preserves to the end the purpose with which he set out. To make Herodotus a mere instrument for building up theories about Nineveh and Babylon is to pile digression upon digression, and to sacrifice the main subject to something quite secondary. But it is really a gain to have before us the main flow of the narrative, freed from the diversities in which Herodotus, after all, only indulged somewhat more than other Greek writers. Professor Rawlinson, again, translates, but his translation is always heavy, and it is disfigured by some strange misconstruings of the Greek. Mr. Cox, while safe against blunders, understands English as well as Greek, and knows how to tell a story. In short, his narrative, though professedly not a translation from Herodotus, but a telling of the tale after Herodotus, will give the English reader a far better notion of the real manner and spirit of the old Greek than the translation of any number of Beloës or Rawlinsons. Just now we have heard so much about Babylonish bricks and Assyrian bulls that it is a relief to come across a writer who so fully understands that "freedom is a brave thing," and knows so well who first showed that it is so.

Mr. Cox tells his story well. His style is just archaic

enough to give something like the effect of the original without becoming harsh or unintelligible. This part of the book may be of use both to merely English readers and to students in the Universities, who so often want to run through a clear summary after studying larger works. Mr. Cox's book has so little in common with the ordinary run of cribs and analyses, that the most ambitious academical aspirant need not be ashamed to use it in this way. In the second part of the book he attempts, and we think on the whole successfully, something much higher—namely, a thorough critical examination of the whole history of Herodotus. In Mr. Cox's view, Herodotus, as a personal witness to anything, is everything that a witness should be—he is thoroughly truthful, thoroughly impartial. But he is withal a poet, dealing with a great theme from a point of view far more religious than historical. He has neither the historic sense nor the historic purpose of Thucydides. He has outgrown the purely religious stage which we see in the Homeric poems, where the Gods are everything and human causes are nothing; but the divine element still strongly predominates over the human. But on his general view of the method of Herodotus, we will let Mr. Cox speak for himself:—

If, then, in the events which led to the great Persian War, the agency of man may be discerned, and if adequate political motives are assigned for civil or military undertakings, the working of divine power must throughout be still more clearly present and more vividly seen. The complications of the great struggle must be traced back to the first links in this twisted chain; and the supernatural principle must be vindicated in the persons of all who are brought upon the scene. Nothing is too wide or remote, nothing too insignificant to be embraced in the order of the narrative. The mention of a city or an empire, of a general or a king, leads naturally to a careful examination of their history and their fortunes. And the religious belief which underlies and even forms his historical sense, prevents him from losing sight of the thread of his story, which the modern reader, living under a different condition of thought, finds it sometimes most difficult to discern.

This theological or religious treatment of events and their causes gives to the history an unity which may not improperly be called epic, if we are careful not to attach to the term the ideas of poetry or romance. It was no fondness for fanciful resemblances, no desire to embellish or to point a tale, but a religious faith which led the historian to link together the several events in the long series of his narratives. From the first to the last, is seen at once the working of men and the hand of the gods, and the operation of the latter was not of a kind to which he would be drawn by any impulse of human feeling. The jealousy of the Divine Being at the simple sight of human wealth or happiness, the punishment of the innocent for the guilty, the prostration of the gods before an irresistible necessity, are facts or doctrines which no man perhaps will be found to embrace with any eager consent of his will. He may believe that the course of the world is guided by a Deity who has no sympathy with man, or by an irreversible order to which even that Deity is subject, but he will not wish to believe the facts which establish such a theology with that eager welcome which hails the downfall of successful wrong.

In the most fictitious details, then, there was probably little conscious invention, and certainly no idea of deception and fraud. With such an historical method an abundance of material, self-created as it might seem, will never be wanting. Details grow up round the fact which they are intended to illustrate, as naturally and luxuriantly as the leaves and flowers on a plant; and, as we might also expect, the result will exhibit that peculiar beauty which, in a certain sense, we may regard as poetical and romantic. But this distinction did not exist in the mind of the historian; he believed the dream and the portent as much as he believed in a political intrigue, a battle, or a siege. The measure in which a more exact historical sense was being formed, and the degree to which it led him almost unconsciously to put aside some supernatural details, is a distinct and curious question; but in the general sequence of double cause and effect his faith remains substantially unshaken.

Mr. Cox goes carefully through the whole history, submitting it to a sort of test which would thoroughly suit Sir Cornewall Lewis. The details of Herodotus for the most part vanish; but nothing of the charm of Herodotus vanishes with them. It is not strictly history, but it is not conscious romance—it is what Herodotus and his informants took for history. We read it and enjoy it as a tale, and extract from it so much of historical information as we can. With Mr. Cox's general mode of dealing with the subject, we thoroughly go along; but we think he makes Herodotus and Thucydides too completely the types of their several generations, and does not attach importance enough to the evident differences of their personal dispositions. They were contemporaries—elder and younger contemporaries, doubtless—but still to a great extent personally cognizant of the same events. Thucydides was evidently in advance of the age—Herodotus was behind it. The same distinction may be traced as long as Greek paganism lasted. Polybius is the natural follower of Thucydides. Xenophon, Arrian, Pausanias, walk in the steps of Herodotus. The occasional instances of scepticism quoted by Mr. Cox show the struggle in the mind of Herodotus himself. His own mind was cast in an old-fashioned mould, but he did not entirely escape the influence of the free-thinking tendencies of his own times.

On particular points, we would call attention to Mr. Cox's defence of Themistocles, and still more to his remarks on the conduct of the Athenians to Miltiades. Mr. Grote showed how utterly untrue is the charge of fickleness and ingratitude commonly brought against the Athenian people in this and in other cases. But Mr. Grote rather slurs over the real fault of the people in this matter. He says that Miltiades "abused his prodigious ascendancy" over the minds of the Athenians "to induce them to follow him without knowing whither, in the confidence of an unknown booty." But if so, the people who blindly followed Miltiades were really more to blame than Miltiades himself. This Mr. Grote hardly brings out; but Mr. Cox does so at some length. The Athenians were neither fickle nor ungrateful. The victory of Marathon was not to be set off against the disgrace of Paros. Their real fault was in seemingly forgetting that

* *The Tale of the Great Persian War, from the Histories of Herodotus.*
By the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A. London: Longmans. 1861.

the disgrace of Paros was as much their own fault as that of their leader.

Mr. Cox's remarks on the Oracles are also well worthy of attention. He deals with them in a purely historical way, without any intermixture of those timid theological notions which have been so often mixed up with the question. He shows that, in many instances, our first question is whether such an oracle was really delivered or not. Prophecies are often made after the events, and many of the oracles in Herodotus really belong to times of which we have no certain historical evidence. When people talk, with Professor Rawlinson, about "diabolical inspiration," we have got into a region into which historical criticism cannot follow. Against this Mr. Cox very fairly sets the really good moral influence which the oracles certainly exercised on the whole.

Of the general worth of the Oriental researches to which the really valuable and instructive aspect of the history has of late been sacrificed, Mr. Cox gives us the following summary:—

After every acknowledgment has been made for the light thrown on these distant times by the recent discoveries of Eastern excavators, the scantiness of our knowledge of the great Oriental dynasties becomes apparent on a perusal of the essays which Mr. Rawlinson has appended to his translation of the first book of Herodotus. The monuments of Borsippa and Khorsabad fail to carry us beyond bare probability or mere conjecture in many important parts of the history; and the testimony of Babylonian bricks has to be filled up by the statements of writers, of whom some at least cannot claim on these subjects any higher authority than Herodotus himself. It is not likely that future discoveries will present us with more detailed accounts than those of Sennacherib and Nebuchadnezzar; and even of these we have but the driest of chronicles, which attest their greatness, but fail to give us any living picture of the time. Probably even the shattered relics of their cities and palaces may enable us to realize their social life better than annals, however elaborate, which illustrate the monotony of Oriental despotism. That these discoveries have placed beyond question some points which the conflicting statements of historians had left uncertain—that they have enabled us to fill up many important gaps—that they have corroborated historical statements in the Old Testament, and established the authority of Herodotus, and still more of Berossus and Manetho, over the fictions and falsehoods of Ctesias, are benefits which cannot be undervalued; but the results so attained are meagre indeed when contrasted with a page of living history.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

Christmas with the Poets (Bell and Daldy) is a miscellany which has an antiquarian, and therefore somewhat higher aim than the usual run of pretty gilded books. Yet it is a pretty gilded book, with a variety of sharp, scratchy wood-cuts, not much improved by a low wash of drab tint, illustrating all sorts of Christmas songs, Christmas carols, and poetical scraps of English poetry of all ages on Christmas subjects. This is the strong part of the book; and in this aspect it presents a good chronological series of poetical literature from the rudest times down to Tennyson and Barry Cornwall, on a single subject. The Christmas of poetry and the Christmas of fact are, however, very different things. Except in this class of books and in the *Illustrated London News* of the present week, all this rollicking, gormandizing, frolicking, and genial Christianity is a thing of the past—a past which we strongly suspect never had a very substantial or actual present.

Keats' Poetical Works (Routledge) is so far above the range of mere Picture Books, with which it is likely to be associated, that we owe some sort of apology for the particular place it occupies in our columns. It is certain to be the edition of Keats. Illustrated in a kindred spirit by Mr. Scharf, the volume includes a biography, which has the rare merit of simplicity and appropriateness, by Mr. Monckton Milnes. Mr. Scharf is eminently suited by his special knowledge and tastes for the task of making drawings for Keats' classical poems, of which we especially notice the sketches for the Hyperion and Endymion. The correctness and detail are surprising, considering Keats' slender acquirements in Greek.

The *Victoria Regia* is, as far as its form and substance goes, a recurrence to the old form of Annual now exploded. Its contributors are not all, though a good many are, as in the days of *Keepsakes* and *Forget-me-nots*, taken from the *Court Guide* and the *Peerage*, but it is a pic-nic contribution. Most of the popular authors of the day send a little poem or essay—the Laureate and Mrs. Norton, Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Trollope, Mr. Arnold and one of the authors of *Tannhauser*. Such an anthology is sure to be interesting, and even in this respect the volume is at least a variety. The Christmas Books of late years have been mere reprints. Here are only original compositions—many of them good, most of them above or equal to the average. But all this is not what the *Victoria Regia* claims as its specialty. It is edited by a lady, composed and printed, set up and worked-off, by women. We only wonder that male hands were permitted to make the paper or to write upon these pages. It is the production of the Coram-street Press, which Miss Emily Faithfull has organized for the employment of women. In fact it is the manifesto, and a graceful one, of the Women's Rights Section of the Social Science Association. Miss Proctor edits and Miss Faithfull publishes it. Her Majesty accepts the dedication and allusive title; and Miss Martineau, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. and Miss Howitt, Miss Craig, Miss Carpenter, Mrs. Grote, Miss Bessie Parkes, are among the contributors, while even the illustrations and initials are designed and cut by fine feminine fingers. Apart

from a few little caprices, the volume is in its literature highly creditable, and in all other respects will bear its own, as the ladies are sure to do, in the struggle for popular favour.

In Mr. Howard Staunton's edition of *Shakespeare*, the publisher, Mr. Routledge, has, we think, gained a success. It may be asked, indeed, whether another edition of *Shakespeare* was wanted. As, however, there never was, nor ever will be, an unsaleable edition of *Shakspeare*, the question answers itself. What marks this edition is the very complete set of illustrations by Gilbert. This prolific artist never came out with greater force or variety than in these two handsome volumes. In many particulars, such as the arrangement of notes, their division into footnotes and supplementary notes, the critical and historical notices, even the double columns and size of the pages, the present edition follows Knight's, over which, however, it gains a superiority by being in two volumes instead of eight. Mr. Staunton's notes, both critical and exegitical, are marked both by sense and brevity; and if Christmas presents are to consist of books, then, as every boy and girl ought to have a *Shakspeare*, no better edition for general use can be selected than this.

The Lady of La Garay (Macmillan) ought, perhaps, to receive another notice than this. Still, as in many respects it falls into the class of gift-books, we take this mode of announcing what is a new poem by Mrs. Norton, with one or two illustrations only. These are by the poetess herself. The tale is one of Brittany, and an interesting one. Mrs. Norton has the courage to return to the old heroic rhyme, which is eminently suited to narrative, but the poem is enlivened by lyrical passages. A poetical dedication to Lord Lansdowne is written in very good taste.

A Book of Nonsense (Routledge) is certainly what it claims to be. There is a strange monotony, and yet variety, in the persistent absurdity of the whole thing, which is creditable to the artist, Mr. Lear, and to the anonymous verse-maker. The book, we believe, is a reprint of a nursery favourite.

Addressing itself to a more advanced stage of childhood, we have in *Grimm's Household Stories* (Routledge) a world-famous, as they say, selection. It is superfluous to commend the "Kinder und Hausmärchen." We almost wish ourselves children again to enjoy it, and the wish in many cases is father to the reality, for there are few of us who cannot both read and enjoy Grimm. This edition is an excellent one, and fairly illustrated by Mr. Wehnert's congenial pencil.

The title of *Garden Fables, or Flowers of Speech* (Saunders and Otley) involves a double meaning. It is, in fact, the Speech of Flowers; or rather Flowers are made, somewhat in the Andersen style, to discourse emblems and moralities. The thought is a pretty fancy enough, and is worked out with skill by Mrs. Meredithe for the literary, and Mr. Thomas Hood for the artistic, illustrations. The drawings by the latter, though coarse in execution, always show thought.

The indefatigable Mr. Wood and the equally indefatigable Mr. Routledge take under their care the whole range of natural history. Their mission, as everybody has a mission, is to popularize the animal world. Books about birds, books about trees, books about fields and corn, and mice, and rivers, sheep and oxen, cats and dogs—such is Mr. Wood's work, and we dare say that he is none the worse parson for his love for God's other book of nature. His *Picture Book of Birds* is a child's book. Each page shows a good, bold woodcut with a little bit of animal biography, much on the plan (though smaller in scale) of the prints familiar to all school-rooms published by the Christian Knowledge Society.

The same diligent publisher sends us a "Nursery Picture Book." As a piece of commercial economy it deserves a word, for it is made up of the various woodcuts employed in Mr. Routledge's very numerous works. This is no disparagement to its other merits. It is a good large book, and suits clumsy, unmanageable young folks; but its defect is its lack of colours.

Riddles in Rhyme and *Double Acrostics* we bracket together, as they own one editor, Mr. Fulcher, and one publisher, Mr. Hogg, as well as a common subject-matter. They are in advance of ordinary riddle books, and occasionally remind us of the smart and elegant trifles in this line for which Praed was in his day famous.

The camp followers of this army of Christmas books, the light artillery which bring up the rear, we can only notice in a summary way. Mr. Kingston always brings out a popular style of boys' books; and his present *Annual for Boys* (Kent) is not below his reputation. It consists of a perfect collection of anecdotes of the bravery, intelligence, manliness, and spirit of the boy-animal. *Eildon Manor* (Routledge); *A Christmas Gathering* (Batten); *Jack Manly's Adventures*, by Mr. James Grant (not of the *Morning Advertiser*) published by Routledge; *My Travels in Many Lands* (Kent), another work by Mr. Kingston, whose time must be a perpetual anticipation of Christmas—these seem to call for little observation. *Maum Guinea* (Beadle) by Mrs. Victor is a novelty. It is a Christmas tale about the Christian habits of the slaves in the Southern States. The *Gorilla Hunters* (Ballantyne) is timed and toned up to the late Du Chaillu's *furore*. *Through Life and for Life* (Routledge) is a tale which looks rather like a story of the Miss Yonge school. *Rough Diamonds* (Low) by

Mr. Hollingshead—reprinted, we believe, from some of the weekly periodicals—looks rather like a lost chapter of Mayhew's *London Poor*. The *Young Painters and Young Musicians* (Booth) is apparently intended to encourage coming Michael Angelos and embryotic Mozarts.

Recurring to the fact with which we started in our first notice of this year's Christmas books, we have to remark on the whole a short supply and a falling market—to treat the matter in merely commercial language. But then it is a consolation to buyers, if not to manufacturers, to know that there is a large stock on hand of the old and favourite articles of Christmas consumption. It remains to consider how it is that the general popularity of these Christmas books has touched its zenith. No doubt there are special causes why this year's Christmas book market is likely to be a failure. In prospect of the American war and its garnish of an immeasurable Income-tax, and with public mourning to buy, and other things to think of, we are afraid that the guineas will not flow into Paternoster-row with a full stream. But this does not account for the restricted production of the article. Christmas books are in preparation from at least Easter; and eight or nine months ago there were no clouds rising over the publisher's horizon. On the contrary, the repeal of the Paper-duty might have been reckoned on as a stimulant to the production of drawing-room table books and such literary luxuries. The over-publication of previous years was of course one check to speculation; but we cannot but think other causes are at work. There are other Christmas gifts competing with books. The French treaty has filled the shops with those graceful and showy *articles de Paris*—bronzes, and gilded ornaments, clocks and cheap jewellery—which will become formidable rivals to the serious publications of Mr. Sampson Low and Mr. Routledge. It may be doubted whether there is not also a reaction against the "earnest" and merely utilitarian view of a few years back. We are afraid that the highly creditable principle of combining what used to be called the *utile* with the *dulce* is getting out of fashion. If people make or receive presents, they are not so sensitive as they were a while ago about the solidity of the gift. Receiver and giver are taking a more material view of things. Good books of poetry in very fine binding were found to be very good things, but a little dull. From one Christmas to another they lie on the round table, and are opened six times in the Christmas week, and once in the other fifty-one weeks. Hence it comes to pass that the *jour de l'an* seeks other than a literary celebration. Trinkets and watches are formidable rivals to intellectual wares, and Christmas is certainly not so devoted to the good as it used to be. We fear that the fashion of Christmas books is waning. The ornamental is on the rise. For ourselves, we are not without hopes that the old-fashioned sort of presents may come in again. There are many people who really hanker after the flesh-pots, and look back with regret to the days when country cousins were not too fine to send up turkeys and chine. And if this old fashion revives, the purveyors of Christmas books are responsible for it. They have saturated us with the notion that eating and drinking, nay, even gorging and swilling, were the proper and natural aspect of Christmas. They have told us so much about beef and pudding, hospitality and conviviality, that we take them at their word. Only it comes to this—the candle can't be burned at both ends. We can't afford to eat and read too. If we give parties, we must not buy books. And if the choice lies between jollity and literature, jollity is likely to have its turn. Anyhow, if the choice were plainly offered between—say—the Psalms of David, illuminated by Owen Jones, and a Paris ring, there is no doubt which way the balance would incline in a maiden's heart; and as to the matron, there can be no hesitation in any sensible mother as to the relative merits of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, Illustrated, &c., and a fine Norfolk turkey.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE untimely death of Leopold von Orlich has cut short the interesting work upon India and its Government,* which he had commenced. The loss is one that will not be easily repaired, for his abilities, both as an author and an observer, were very great. He had prepared himself for his task by laborious investigations in India, as well as by an extensive study of the literary materials that are accessible. Nothing remained but to give to the work whatever completeness was possible by publishing the materials which he left behind him. This has been done by Dr. Böltger of Dessau. He has used his editorial discretion rather liberally, and has given a smooth surface to Von Orlich's rough-hewn materials by freely adding stucco of his own. He does not indicate how much is due to himself, and how much to his author; and the structure of the book will very seldom help the reader to make the distinction for himself. Whoever has the main credit of it, it undoubtedly forms an interesting volume. The previous volume dealt purely with the history of India—this gives an account of its religion and social condition. The religious portion is worked out in considerable detail, and appears, from the few hints that can be collected, to

be the part upon which Von Orlich himself bestowed the greatest pains. It does not profess to contain an exhaustive catalogue either of deities or ceremonies; but its popular form will make it very serviceable in disseminating fuller and more correct knowledge upon the subject of the Hindu mythology. It is complete enough to present the main outlines of the existing beliefs and practices, and yet simple enough to leave a very distinct impression upon the reader's mind; and in dealing with a subject so complicated, this is no slender praise. The rest of the book is devoted to details respecting education, government, administration of justice, finance, trade, and cultivation. The author never takes a very favourable view of England's conduct towards India; and the editor apparently still less so. Sometimes he is flagrantly unfair. In one place, for instance, he blames the Government for having refused any more to furnish the means for the festival of Juggernaut at Orissa, and having accordingly handed over the lands devoted to that purpose to native Rajah. "They have begun," he says, "out of Christian selfishness and hypocrisy, to consider it sinful to support heathen cruelties." Yet in another place he blames them for their slackness in forwarding missionary enterprise, and calls their reserve upon the subject of Christianity "humiliating." One or other of these charges may be just, but both can scarcely be so. As in most foreign commentaries upon Indian government, the predictions of another rebellion are frequent. He wonders that the indigo-planters have not produced one already—taking his view of the controversy between them and the ryots mainly, it seems, from that unimpeachable authority, Mr. Layard. So strongly does his prejudice run against us that in a chapter devoted to the kinds of murder which tradition has made customary among the Hindus, after having enumerated Infanticide, Meriah Sacrifices, Thuggee, Suttee, and so forth, he adds that the practice of blowing mutineers from the cannon's mouth, newly introduced by the English, must be counted on the list. Yet, in spite of all this prejudice, his warnings are worth listening to, whatever the deduction that must be made from them. The following, for instance, may well be true, though we, whose intelligence comes entirely from one of the parties implicated, know nothing of the fact:—

The Government of the East India Company had a decidedly mercantile character. Its conscience kept step with the Balance of the Ledger. But in one point of view it possessed an unquestionable merit; it stood between the arrogance of the conqueror and the servility of the conquered. Since the second conquest of India by Lord Clyde, and since the Indian possessions have been governed direct from Downing-street, this state of things is materially altered. The arrogance of the conquerors has increased, the servility of the conquered has given place to a discontent that is lying in wait and ready to develop into energetic hatred... The Government itself, instead of mediating or protecting, either takes a decided part with the oppressors, or at best declares itself neutral.

The present generation has achieved results in the way of rehabilitation, to which no former generation has ever approached; but there are limits beyond which the process cannot be applied. It may be successful with the great villains of history; but it is a hopeless task to carry it into literature, and to attempt to reconquer an audience for damned dramatists or unsold poets. This is the desperate adventure upon which M. Gruppe has sallied forth. He has undertaken to procure a niche in the poetical Pantheon for a poet of the last century, of whose works very few Germans have ever read a line. Reinhold Lenz,* who was born in 1750 and died in 1792, and who was a youthful friend of Goethe's, is the subject of the experiment. The attempt will probably fail of all result; for when a literary reputation, weakly at its best, has died a natural death, no art will galvanize it back again into life. But it is made in an interesting manner, and furnishes very agreeable reading, even though it should fail to convert a reader to the merits of Lenz. The life of the man is instructive, not because there is anything wonderful in him, his performances, or his powers, but because it gives a vivid picture of one of those minute sections of history which, if studied in detail, convey more genuine historical knowledge than a long catalogue of political events. M. Gruppe enters so heartily into his work, and has searched every shred of a letter or a newspaper that could throw the slightest light on Lenz's career with such devout industry, that he could not fail to produce a readable and instructive book. There is not much to investigate about Lenz, but of course his love affairs, as beseeems a poet, are the great point of interest to his biographer. The two great facts which M. Gruppe has discovered, after careful collation of all the passages in all the authorities which can possibly throw light on them, are interesting in a poetical point of view, though, regarded in another aspect, they may not redound much to his hero's credit. One is that he made love to Friederike, one of his friend Goethe's many flames; and the other is that he was dismissed from the Court of Weimar, to which through his friendship with Goethe he had procured an introduction, for kissing a maid of honour. This last important fact is entirely M. Gruppe's own discovery. He devotes three whole chapters to the discussion of it, and looks at it from every possible point of view. He builds it up, slowly and gradually, upon a few slight hints, scattered in a variety of extant collections, with the patience and ingenuity of a Niebuhr. In his hands, the event is absolutely exhausted, so that no single detail is left for any future inquirer to glean. Did the lady make the first approaches, or the gentleman? Was she dressed

* *Indien und seine Regierung.* Nach den vor üglichen Quellen und nach Handschriften von Leopold von Orlich. Zweiter Band. Leipzig: Mayer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

* Reinhold Lenz: *Leben und Werke.* Von O. F. Gruppe. Berlin: Chavissius. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

in evening or in morning costume? Did she wear roses in her hair? Was the meeting accidental on his side, or did he lie in wait for her? Did they kiss three times, or only twice? At what hour of what day did the event take place? Was the Grand Duchess a spectator of the atrocity, for which she packed him out of Weimar the next day? All these points are discussed with a charming erudition and gravity, as if some event were in question which had changed the fortunes of the world. It must be said that, if Lenz meets with more than his due in being made the subject of this overflow of research, he met with a good deal less than justice on the only other occasion during the present century on which he was formally presented to the world. Tieck, who edited him thirty years ago, knew so little about him that he left out his best pieces, and credited him with others of questionable value, some of which were not written by any Lenz at all, and others of which were written by a totally different Lenz, some years before the real Lenz was born.

Dr. Hossbach's history of Spener* and his Times has reached a third edition. The celebrated Pietist leader so completely drew around himself all that there was of religious movement in his generation, that his life is a history of the Lutheran Church during the latter half of the seventeenth century. The book gives a striking picture of the stiff external orthodoxy into which the Lutheran Church had lapsed, and dwells with affectionate repetition upon Spener's contrasted earnestness. But it is a religious biography, with all the peculiarities of that popular species of literature. It dwells at great length upon Spener's teaching, and is eked out considerably beyond its natural length by theological discussions. These are not of a nature to be analysed here; but it is an encouraging circumstance to find that an admirer and disciple of Spener's in the present day looks upon theatre as a legitimate enjoyment, and pronounces even dancing to be not absolutely and inevitably wrong.

The autobiography of Tischbein† would at first sight give promise of being an interesting book. He was an artist of considerable reputation in his day, though he is a little forgotten now; and the period during which he lived covered the whole of the Revolution and the revolutionary war, and the period of reaction which followed it till 1830. But the autobiography does not extend into the present century, and it is almost absolutely confined to matters touching upon his own profession. It is simple in style, perfectly unambitious, and never affecting other thoughts than those that actually occur to him. Almost everything is looked at from a professional point of view. If he sees a collection of Dutch pictures, he is much more struck by the ingenuity with which they make an attractive whole out of unpromising materials, than by the beauty of the pictures or the fidelity of the representation. In a statue by an Italian master, what he notices chiefly are the various effects which various lightings produce upon its features. When he goes to church, he is struck with the beauty of the priest's hands—a circumstance which fills him with great delight, for good hands are very hard to get. Those of the ancient statues have so often been broken off, and there are very few good hands in nature. He occasionally describes natural scenery with pleasure, but he rarely shows what a modern would call Art-feeling upon the subject. A sail upon the Bay of Uri would suggest reflections upon the landscape to the most inartistic minds; but Tischbein is entirely occupied with the fact that the wind often blows so strong as to make pilgrims to Loretto very sick. When he does observe upon scenery, he is more professional than poetical. A description of a sunset from the heights of Tivoli is curiously mixed up with an enumeration of the "Alces, and artichokes, and various plants" that stood in the foreground. When he arrives in the Valley of Innspruck, his view of the scenery is one that many a cockney would imagine, but no one but an artist would have the courage to put into words. "The mountains stand, one behind the other, separated by mists floating between them, like the coulisses in a theatre, where an illusion of distance is produced by the lights."

M. Ägidi is publishing a history of the final settlement of the Germanic Confederation at Vienna, of which one volume has appeared, and another is to follow shortly. In the interval, he employs the material he has collected to put forth a small pamphlet embodying in a popular form the political conclusions of his larger work. "Aus dem Jahr 1848"‡ is, in reality, an apology for the proceedings of 1848, founded on the allegation that they were necessary to undo the revolutionary measures of the monarchical conspirators of 1848. He goes in detail through the results arrived at in each year, in order to show that one was exactly the inverse of the other; and brings out elaborately the secrecy with which the operations at Carlsbad were effected, and the little heed that was paid to the dissenting members of the Confederation. He complains, with apparently some personal feeling, that 1848 is now habitually called the "mad year" in German society—name which he thinks ought to be applied in preference

to the year 1849, of which 1848 was the legitimate result. He forgets that 1849 had a sort of success for at least a generation, while 1848 was a miserable failure. People would never have laughed at the assembled Professors of Frankfort if they had been able to hold their own, any more than people have laughed at Cavour. They have been ridiculed, not for climbing into the saddle, but for being kicked out of it again. M. Ägidi concludes by forcibly contrasting the courageous contempt with which the present King of Prussia has treated the attempt upon his life at Baden, and the resolution with which he has refused to make it an excuse for any abridgment of the liberties of his subjects, with the violent panic, half real, half assumed, which seized the whole monarchical world in 1849 at the crimes of Sand and Löning. The author, however, would serve his cause better if he did not show quite so much tenderness for the crime of political assassination.

The *Collected Works of Jacob Philipp Fallmerayer** is the republication of the works of another distinguished member of the Liberal party in Germany. He was brought up for the priesthood in the Tyrol, but was too much excited by the stirring events of the French war to endure the restraints of his conventional seminary. He fled accordingly to Strasburg, and supported himself by teaching. When the War of Liberation broke out, he joined the Bavarian army as a subaltern, and fought with distinction at Hanau and Brienne. After the war was over, he betook himself to teaching again, and soon obtained a Professor's chair at Munich. His views, however, were too strongly pronounced in favour of German Unity to be endurable at that most "particularist" of all Courts. He was accordingly driven from his Professorship, and was compelled to support himself, partly by literature, partly by acting as travelling tutor in distinguished families. When the revolution of 1848 came on, and the Professors of Germany took the solution of all the problems of German politics into their own hands, he was one of the assembly who caricatured representative Government in the Paulikirche at Frankfort. When that ill-fated Assembly was at last driven to retire to Stuttgart, he followed its fortunes; and when it was dispersed by the troops of the King of Württemberg, he fled to Switzerland. Naturally, he again lost the Professorship in which he had been reinstated for a short time, and was compelled to return to his wandering life. The works which are collected in the present volume are those which were the result of his travels—his writings upon Constantinople, Egypt, Asia Minor, Palestine, and other places which he frequently visited in the East. His opportunities for observation were very large, and he made good use of them. The book is full of matter conveyed in agreeable language. His style is singularly easy and flowing for so learned a German.

Some enthusiastic philanthropist who does not give his name, has published a thick pamphlet† of folio size and very close print, in order to prove to such of his countrymen as have the industry to read him, the rottenness, wickedness, and alarming prospects of the Brazilian Empire. His object is to dissuade them from availing themselves of the facilities for emigration which the Brazilian Government furnishes. He urges them to go to no country where slavery prevails, but to turn their faces to the United States of America instead. He foresees, however, that a captious objector may urge that slavery still prevails in the United States; and therefore he proceeds to explain a plan for getting rid of the evil, in whose simplicity and facility he has so much confidence that he gives it the name of the "Columbus' Egg." It is simply this:—first, to restore the Union by conquering the South; then to deprive the "reconciled" slave-owners of those rights of voting, which now, according to the Constitution of the United States, depend on the possession of slaves; and having thus in a legal and constitutional manner thoroughly mastered the slave-owners, to deport all the slaves to Hayti or to Africa. He points out in considerable detail the parts of Africa in which he prefers they should be landed. The expenses, he thinks, will be easily paid by the value of the trade which will immediately spring up from that taste for labour which the North-American slaves—who, he appears to think, are passionately attached to labour—are certain to diffuse. We trust he may succeed. The book contains a vast mass of Brazilian information, which has been collected evidently with much labour, and which might be valuable if the author's animus against the Brazilian Government were not so transparently visible, and if his notions of the probable and possible were not so quaint.

* *Gesammelte Werke von Jakob Philipp Fallmerayer*. Herausgegeben von Georg Martin Thomas. Erster Band. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Brasilianische Zustände und Aussichten im Jahre 1861: mit Belegen nebst einem Vorschlag zur Aufhebung der Sklaverei und Entfernung der Schwarzen in Nord-Amerika*. Berlin: Parthey. 1861.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.—The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

* *Philipp Jacob Spener und Seine Zeit*. Eine Kirchenhistorische Darstellung von Wilhelm Hossbach. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Aus meinem Leben*. Von J. G. Wilhelm Tischbein. Herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Schiller. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

‡ *Aus dem Jahr 1848. Beitrag zur deutschen Geschichte*. Von Ludwig Karl Ägidi. Hamburg: Boyes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

Dec. 21, 1861.]

The Saturday Review.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The last Bonus, declared in 1858, which averaged 45 PER CENT. on the Premiums paid, amounted to £475,000.

527 Policies are now in force, yielding an annual income of £150,000, assuring the sum of £29,607,574, which, with £510,277 Bonus additions, makes a total Liability of £27,308,350.

The Premiums paid is £1,562,000, leaving upwards of £70,000 thus making the present

Annual Income of the Society £205,000.

Service in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteer Corps, will not affect the validity of Policies.

Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained on application to

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Secretary.

UNIVERSAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
No. 1, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1854.

Committees in Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.—Agents throughout India.

The last Annual Reduction of Premium amounted to 45 per cent., so that a person being assured for £1000 at the age of 30 is now paying £18 8s. 7d., instead of £28 8s. 4d.

INVESTED CAPITAL UPWARDS OF £780,000.

M. E. IMPHEY, Secretary.

THE HAVANA and MARIANA RAILWAY COMPANY,
Island of Cuba.—First Mortgage Loan of £20,000, at 7 per cent. interest, payable in London.—Sanctioned by the Cuban Government.

DIRECTORS.

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Vice-President—H.E. Don RAFAEL RODRIGUEZ TORICES.

Don Julian de Zuniga, Planter and Merchant.

Don Julian de Alvarado, Planter.

Don Manuel Ynclan, Planter.

Don Francisco Duranosa, Planter.

Secretary—Don Benito Ramon Almeida.

Agents in London—Messrs. Cavan, Lubbock, and Co.

Agent in Havana—Wm. Knight, Esq.

Brokers—Messrs. George Burman and Co.

Bankers—Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co.

This railway is constructed to provide for the passenger and agricultural produce traffic of the western suburbs of Havana, the capital of Cuba.

The line connects the densely populated districts of Cerro, Puentes, Grandes Quemado, Viejo, and Nuevo, and directly connects the same, by means of a junction at the city walls, with the street tramway now in full operation with all parts of Havana.

The works have been constructed in the most substantial manner, and are so far complete that the line will be opened for traffic in about two months from this time. The cost required for the payment of iron, &c., contracted for in England and delivered in Havana.

An outlay of £75,000 has been incurred.

From calculation carefully prepared, based upon reliable data, it is estimated that after allowing an ample margin for working and all other expenses, a sum equal to 17 per cent. on the entire outlay in Capital will remain for payment of dividends.

All the railways in Cuba are paying good dividends, the minimum being 10 per cent. per annum.

£10 on application.

£20 on allotment.

£20 on delivery of Bonds.

Interest to commence on the delivery of the Bonds.
Interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum will be paid on all deposits for which allotments are made.

A sinking fund will be provided for the repayment of the loan, within seven years, at par, in the following manner:

20 per cent, 1st January, 1865.
20 "
20 "
20 "
20 "

20 per cent, 1st January, 1866.

20 "

20 "

20 "

20 "

In the event of no allotment being made, the deposit will be returned without deduction.

Applications for allotments of bonds in sets of five (one repayable each year as above) to be made in the annexed form to Messrs. Cavan, Lubbock, and Co., No. 29, Finsbury-square, E.C.; or to the brokers, Messrs. George Burman and Co., 69, Lombard-street, E.C.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

Havana and Mariana Railway Company, Island of Cuba.

First Mortgage Loan of £20,000.

Gentleman.—Having paid to Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., the sum of £—, I request you will allot me — bonds of £100 each of the above Loan, and I hereby agree to accept the same, or any portion thereof, and pay the deposits as they become due.

I am, Gentleman, your obedient servant,

Signature.....

Address.....

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION,
St. KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.—INSTITUTED 1860.

PRESIDENT—CHARLES FRANKE, Esq.

VICE-PRESIDENT—JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.

TRUSTEES.

Francis Henry Mitchell, Esq.

Alfred Head, Esq.

Robert Hanbury, Esq.

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The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago, on the principle of mutual assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year, and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums after seven yearly payments have been made.

That the present rate of reduction to be maintained, persons now effecting assurances will be entitled, after seven years, to a reduction of 7½ per cent., whereby each £10 of annual premium will be reduced to £3 13s.

This Society has paid in claims more than £415,000.

And has policies now in force amounting to £6,450,000.

Its accumulated fund exceeds £3,750,000.

And its gross income is upwards of £340,000.

Assurances may be effected up to £10,000 on the same life.

The Society has no agents, and allows no commission, nevertheless the new assurances effected in the last financial year amounted to £28,340, and the new annual premiums to £10,567.

EDWARD DOCKER, Secretary.

THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.—The Directors continue to entertain APPLICATIONS FOR DEBTORS at par, in sums of £100, or a multiple thereof, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and to grant such Debentures as may be required by the State of India or by the Council.

The Debentures are for five years, with the option to the holders of renewing them for a second term of five years, and they have attached to them Coupons for the payment of the interest, half-yearly, at the London and County Bank, London.

Forms of Application and further information can be obtained at this Office.

Company's Office, 1, New Broad-street, London, E.C.

25th November, 1861.

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(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,
prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men throughout the world as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for

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GENERAL DISEASES, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE

WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.

Is incomparably superior to every other variety.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

SIR HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland—"I consider Dr. de Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

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DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-Pints, 24 Pints, 48 9d.; Quarts, 4s.; capsules, and labelled with his stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NO ONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists and Druggists.

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CAUTION.—SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, TUCKER'S PATENT, or SONNIER-TUCKER. Comfortable, cleanly, simple, portable and inexpensive. Purchasers are respectfully warned against infringements and imitations, in which somewhat of the general appearance of the SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS is carefully preserved, but all its essential advantages are sacrificed.

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" " 2 " " 2 " " 27s. od.

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Other sizes in proportion. To be obtained of almost all respectable upholsterers and bedding warehousemen.

ESPECIAL NOTICE should be taken that each Spring Mattress bears upon the side the LABEL "Tucker's Patent."

Dec. 21, 1861.]

The Saturday Review.

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'Epernay Champagnes 2s. per Dozen. | Beanjolais 2s. per Dozen.

St. Julian Charette 1s. 6s., 2s., and 3s. | Cognac Brandy 4s. and 5s.

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CURRY OR MULLIGATAWNY PASTE, Curry Powder, Curry Sauce, and Oriental Pickle, may be obtained from all Sauce Vendors, and wholesale of **CROSSE and BLACKWELL**, Purveyors to the Queen, Soho-square, London.

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Purchasers should ask for LEA AND PERRINS' SAUCE.

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E. LAZENBY and SON beg to offer to notice their selections of new FOREIGN PRESERVED FRUITS FOR DESSERT, Apricots, Greenzanas, Pears, Strawberries, Anjelicas, and other kinds, Crystallized and Glacé; Dried Cherries, Almonds, Muscated Raisins, Figs, French and Elvas Plums, Normandy Pippins, Valencia and Sultanas, Raisins, Currents, &c. Their Sauces, Pictures, Jams, Tart Fruits, Jellies, &c. Saffron, Sassafras, Sassafras Oil, and other Oils, Candies, and General Groceries, will also be found of the best descriptions.

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